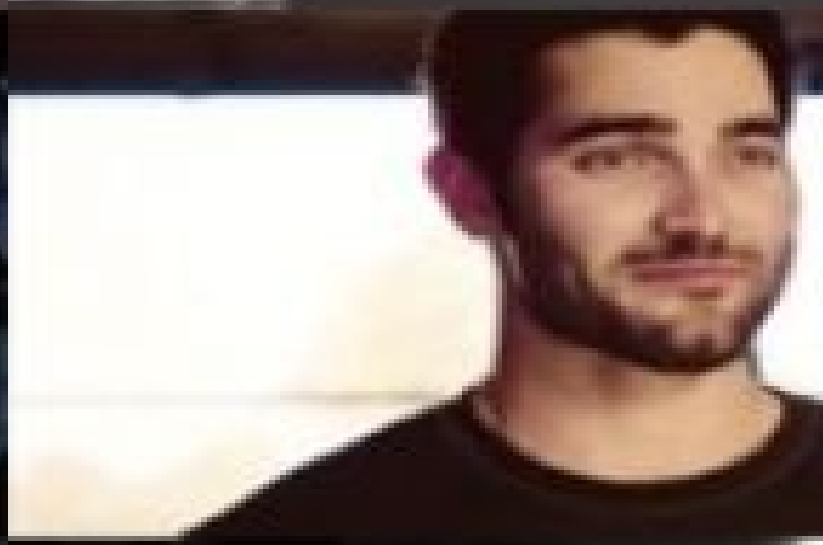

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The Afterglow

by Anonymous

Summary

“You’re kidding me.” He reaches his hand out, places it firmly on Stiles’ stomach. He holds it there for a second, and Stiles stares at it and wonders if this is the last time they’re ever going to touch. What an awful way to go out, Stiles thinks, looking at Derek’s tan hand on his red shirt. What a nightmare. The seconds tick by, and Derek’s eyes go big.

Whatever it is his alpha senses can pick up, it has him looking up with a stupefied expression on his face, meeting Stiles’ gaze head on. He says, “holy shit. There’s…” …a fetus in there. Yeah. “It’s…you think it’s mine?”

The question nearly blows Stiles’ mind. He rears back and looks Derek in the face, trying his hardest to look even a little annoyed – hard to do, with tears still falling down his cheeks. “Who else’s could it be?”

Notes

This is one of the more off the wall things I've written in terms of, like, everything - so that's why it's under anonymous. The discussions of abortion are vague but lengthy so if that triggers you I wouldn't read it; otherwise, it's pretty clean.

The Event.

“Oh, no,” Stiles says quietly to himself, holding the stick out farther from his eyes as if the distance will make him see anything else aside from the damning pink plus sign. He squints at it, cocking his head from side to side like he must just be seeing things. No matter how he looks at it, the pink plus glares at him. Bright. It’s almost neon. “Oh, no. Nope. No.” He laughs, high, hysteric, tossing the stick into the trash.

Manically, he unrolls the toilet paper into big wads and stuffs the balls on top of the stick so his father will never, ever see it. What kind of grown man digs around in the bathroom receptacle? Then, he gets into his car. Forgets his shoes, the first time, spilling out onto the ice cold autumn floor of his front porch with a hiss before turning back around to slide them onto his feet without tying the laces.

In the car, his fingers grip the steering wheel so tight his knuckles go bone white. Nope, he thinks to himself, shaking his head at a red light. No sirree bob. No fucking way.

He parks haphazardly in the lot of the same pharmacy he had just visited not twenty minutes ago, his tires almost inching into the handicap space. The bell dings above his head as he bursts through the sliding doors, stomping down the omega health aisle with his head dipped down low. He thinks about putting his hood up like he did last time, but then, what’s the point?

As he rakes six pregnancy tests into his arms, nearly clearing the shelf, he catches his own reflection in the security mirror above his head. Frowns at it. This is not happening to him. That is a stranger he has never met before hefting an arm load of pregnancy tests up to the register. It cannot possibly be him.

He’s eighteen. He’s in *high school*. No. Fucking. Way.

The tests fall down in a cacophony on top of the counter as the bored looking twenty-something who had rung him up the first time pops bubble gum in his mouth. He eyeballs the tests, sliding those peepers slowly up to look Stiles directly in the face. He chews for a moment, lifting his eyebrows. “Take as many of these as you want,” he grouses, checking the first one off lackadaisically and dropping it into the bag before grabbing for the next, “accuracy on these things is almost a hundred percent. Did you know that?”

“No,” Stiles snaps, caustic. “I’m a fucking idiot, how would I know that?”

He lifts his eyebrows all the way. The fourth test topples into the bag, and Stiles just wants out of here so fucking bad. He taps his foot and glares at the security tapes. That is not him on the screen, it couldn’t possibly be.

Once they’re all rung up, the alpha kid behind the register levels him with a look, pausing before reading the total. “No need to get pissy with me,” he drawls, and Stiles could clock him in the fucking mouth. “I’m not the one who made bad choices.”

Oh, bad choices. Bad fucking choices. Stiles slams a fifty dollar bill on the counter and rips the rustling plastic bag out of the kid’s hands before he can say another word. “Eat my fucking pussy, asshole,” he snaps, his aggravated stomps mashing up with the cheery ding of the bell as he vacates the building altogether.

Back home, he makes a maternity ward out of the bathroom floor. Test instructions, empty boxes, tissues, and his own self leaning back up against the wall with his knees curled up to his chest sit all over the tiles. He had taken every single test, every last one, and they’d all come up with that incriminating neon pink plus sign.

Fate sealed. Damage done. He grips one of the tests in his hand and thumps his head back against the wall, again and again, squeezing his eyes closed. Wake up, he thinks to himself. Wake up, wake up, wake up. This is a nightmare, or a dream from when he’s older and actually able to handle something like this and not just a stupid kid with a history test tomorrow.

A history test. French Revolution. It seems so…small. It's miniscule. The pink plus sign is looming and gigantic alongside all the information Stiles had memorized and studied for a week, now. He's got flashcards and chewed up highlighters on his desk, notes miles long, all of it color coded and neatly organized in stacks. It means nothing to him now. He had thought about nothing else, nothing else at all, but that test.

Now, when he closes his eyes, the pink plus sign is there. It mocks him. Oh, god.

Me, 5:45 PM : Please come over now now now now please please please 911 911 911
Scott, 5:46 PM : Peddling like the wind

When Scott comes into the house, he calls Stiles' name up the steps. Stiles is only blessed, on this day of all days, that the Sheriff is not home. God only knows how Stiles would be able to deal with this if he were.

Stiles' call of *in here* is weak and small, pressed into his elbows as he hides his face in his arms. Scott hears it all the same, trudging up the steps quickly as he takes them two at a time, storming down the hallway and freezing as soon as he comes into the doorway to the bathroom.

Stiles had done nothing to clean up any of the evidence. It's only been ten minutes since he texted Scott, and all he's done is curl up into a tighter and tighter ball, hoping to vanish into the wallpaper forever. He wants to be one of the ugly old yellowed flowers trapped on the wall. He would rather be that than…what he is right now. What the stupid tests say he has ultimately become.

The point is, it's all out there for Scott to see – and see it, he certainly does. The instructions, the boxes, the sticks, the Stiles. Stiles lifts his head out of his arms and looks up at Scott's face, abysmal, and Scott's mouth is hanging open as his brain adds up all the variables there for him to see.

There's a pause. Scott says, "April Fool's?"

Stiles purses his lips. “It’s October.”

“Oh.” Scott’s fingers grip the doorframe. He looks to be at a loss for words, mouth opening and closing. It stays that way. Stiles on the floor, Scott up above him, looking around like he is still waiting for someone to pop out from behind the shower curtain and shout that it’s all just a joke, it’s a game, ha ha, isn’t that so funny?

Stiles’ lower lip trembles. He palms his forehead. “What am I –“ he hiccups, a quick sob, “what am I gonna do?”

“All right,” Scott says, his brain coming back online. He steps into the room and crunches on an instruction sheet.

“What am I supposed to – I’m – I’m just a kid.”

“It’s all right,” Scott puts his hands on his hips. He begins to pace – an incredible feat for the tiny amount of space allotted to him. The boxes get kicked around by his feet and Stiles flinches. The evidence.

“I’m going to college,” he says, swiping viciously at the traitor tears that stream down his cheeks. “I got a full ride. I’m going to *college*!”

“Stiles, it’s *okay*,” he crouches down to meet Stiles’ eye level, while Stiles bursts into hysterical tears. He cries into his hand and thinks about the acceptance letter his father had gleefully magnetized to the fridge downstairs. Full fucking ride scholarship to his top choice. His dreams coming true.

All of them gone, sucked up into the haze of neon pink.

“I’m so young, I’m so stupid, I don’t know what I was – what I was thinking –“

“How did this uh…“ Scott shakes his head, gripping Stiles on the shoulder. His hand is big and warm, an alpha hand, and Stiles melts into the touch gratefully, panting he’s crying so hard. “How did this happen, huh?”

“I don’t know!” He wails, so loud it nearly echoes off the tiny walls. Scott squeezes harder and pats him on the back a couple of times, sighing through his nose. This isn’t something he’s prepared to deal with, not at all, evidently – he’s always been particularly bad at comforting Stiles when he gets upset, but this is a whole new ballgame. He must be screaming in his head right about now, desperately stifling it down. “We never fucked without a condom, not once, I swear. He always…he always has a condom. He’s got this jumbo box. It’s, like, Costco brand or something.”

Scott takes in a deep breath. “You’ve been fucking with Costco brand condoms?” There is gentle, gentle accusation there. Stiles wants to claw him.

“They come in different colors and he got them on *sale*, you fucking cock!”

“Okay,” Scott pats Stiles some more again as another hysterical wave of sobs wracks his entire body. Stiles wants a milkshake and more fries than anyone could ever eat and a burger and his favorite movie and his bed and to go back in time and say that maybe they should buy on-brand condoms that aren’t bright fucking pink or purple or green or yellow or red. “It’s, uh…it’s that older guy, right?”

That older guy. That’s what Scott and all of Stiles’ friends call him, like he doesn’t actually have a name or like they don’t care enough to learn it. Stiles used to think it was because they were all jealous that he was getting dick from a college boy and they couldn’t even get laid in high school, maybe just to make himself feel good. Realistically, he knows it’s because college boys are mean and stupid and they only date omegas in high school because it’s easy pussy and they’ll do anything to get pussy to begin with, and his friends are smart enough to know that. They were smart, Stiles was stupid.

He would say Derek Hale isn’t just *that older guy*. He would also say that Derek doesn’t only fuck him because it’s easy pussy. Which isn’t to say Stiles *isn’t* easy – at least, not where Derek is concerned. But it is to say that Stiles thinks Derek genuinely likes him and Stiles genuinely likes Derek. They don’t know each other that well, but they’re…friends. Derek

takes him places in his nice car and like, yeah, that typically only leads up to Stiles sucking him off in a parking lot somewhere, but Stiles likes doing it anyway. Derek takes him to dinner and always pays, and yeah, they always go back to Derek's shitty apartment afterwards with three roommates and fuck loud enough that they can all hear it, but Stiles likes doing that too. Derek always answers when Stiles calls, and yeah, most of the time the conversation only leads to if Stiles can come over and can he stay the night and Derek can drive him to school in the morning, but…

Stiles puts his hands on his face. A stupid, twenty-something alpha in college with a shit apartment and a car that his parents bought for him who likely only cares about Stiles because Stiles has got three holes got Stiles pregnant.

"I've never had sex with anyone else, Scott," he says into his hands. The cracks in his fingers fill with tears. "God, each condom in that box cost .2 fucking cents if the entire box was only ten dollars. The condom broke, it probably broke every time. And he –" Stiles shudders. "He won't even *care*."

"You don't know that," Scott says. He's saying it just to say it.

"No," Stiles hisses. "He won't care. He'll hang up on me. He won't ever call me again. He'll make me – he'll make…"

"He can't *make you* do anything," Scott's voice is firm on this. "It's up to you what you want to do. You don't even have to tell him, if you don't want to. If you want to make it…" Scott swallows, and Stiles is already curling deeper into himself even before the word is out of his mouth. "…if you want it to go away, he never has to know."

"I can't ask my dad for the money for an abortion, Scott, I can't do that, he can't know!"

"I've got some saved up," he says, and that makes Stiles want to die, that Scott would instantly offer that up. His money he's been saving for a car since freshman year – a good car. Not a shitty starter car, but a real adult car

that'll take him to college and back again for Christmas break with a good stereo system and safety features and all that. The abortion wouldn't completely deplete it, of course, but it would…take a chunk out.

"No," Stiles snaps. "No, no, no. Derek's family has money, I can…I can ask. He'll probably gleefully fork it over while taking a hit out of a beer bong. He won't give a shit."

Scott wipes some of Stiles' tears away with his fingers and sighs, again. He's probably thinking of all the things that he's said over the past several months to Stiles about how stupid Stiles is being fucking around with a college alpha, but of course, he won't speak those words out loud now. Not now. "So you're…you're doing that?"

Stiles…doesn't know. What he's going to do. He has no idea what he's going to do. Making it go away is the most enticing of all the options, but the hoops he'll have to go through to get it will almost feel like he's only making things worse. He'll have to go to the clinic and say he wants an abortion to an unfriendly woman with a pinched face who will send him into a dark, cold room with a mean doctor who will tell him all the reasons he should hate himself for even considering it as an option in the first place, and even if he still wants to go through with it after that, the cost will be astronomical and everyone will find out and they'll treat him like garbage and Derek won't want to see him and his father will be so angry with him, and…

…but he can't have it. He can't. There's no way he can do that. He's got a history test tomorrow, for god's sake. He has to graduate. He can't be pregnant at graduation, he can't…he can't do it. He's going to college.

"I don't know," he says in a low rasp. "I don't know what to do, I don't know how to…Scott, I'm really scared."

"It's okay," Scott says, leaning into him for a big bear hug. Stiles melts like butter against him, holding him as tight as he can, breathing in his familiar and calming scent. "Everything is going to be fine. Whatever you want to do is fine. Any choice you make."

Any choice. Stiles feels like he doesn't have any, any at all.

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"Stiles," Derek always answers the phone the same way, when Stiles calls. He says Stiles' name like that, that eagerly surprised *Stiles* that just only ever sounds like he knows he's about to get his dick wet and can't fucking wait for it. There's the telltale sounds of his roommates in the background, but they grow quieter as a beat or two passes. Derek has closed the door to his bedroom so they can talk privately.

Yeah, he does that a lot. Derek likes to say gross things to Stiles when no one else can hear them. Stiles always liked that.

"What's up, what are you doing?"

Stiles stares at his jeans. "Well," he starts, and then opens and closes his mouth around words that won't come.

"Are you almost there?"

Oh, God. The entire reason that Stiles had suspected he was pregnant to begin with is because he missed his heat, by a solid week. He's never missed a heat before. Derek has taken care of him through two of them, now, and Stiles had told him that he was expecting another. God, this entire phone call to him, Stiles' entire fucking existence really, is just the prelude to getting it. Stiles was stupid to call. He fantasizes about hanging up, getting the thing out of him, being done with it, never speaking to this fuckface ever again.

Three days ago, Derek was not a fuckface. Three days ago Derek ate Stiles out so good Stiles screamed Derek's name into his own fist to muffle it. Everything feels…different, now. The earth shifting on a new axis.

"Yeah, I need to talk to you about something," Stiles says, finally, looking up to stare out of his bedroom window.

"Shoot," Derek says.

“I mean in person.”

“Ah,” Derek sounds pleased. Stiles hates him, in this moment. It was his idiotic fucking alpha sperm that got him here in the first place, and Stiles hates him, hates him, hates him. “Wanna come over?”

Stiles thinks about sitting in Derek’s bedroom. The bed, perpetually unmade and the place where the insemination likely occurred to begin with. The clothes all over the floor. The endless stale smell of weed. Empty beer cans all over the place. Textbooks. Derek’s roommates getting into a fist fight in the kitchen over the last box of macaroni and cheese.

“No,” he says, angry. He doesn’t want to tell Derek that he’s pregnant with his child in that fucking room and that fucking apartment. It’ll make everything too real, too scary, and Stiles…is scared enough as it is. The fact that he plucked up the courage to make this phone call is beyond belief, but here he is. “Can you…can you come pick me up?”

“Uhhh…” it trails off. What is there to be fucking unsure of, Stiles wonders? “Uh, yeah. Sure. You sound angry.”

“Oh, do I?”

“Uh. Did I piss you off at some point?”

“Uh,” Stiles hisses back at him, mean and mocking. Derek laughs on the other line. He always thinks it’s funny when Stiles gets angry. “How about don’t fucking bother.”

“Whoa,” Derek says, right before Stiles moves to hang up on him. “Whoa, whoa. If I did something, you could just tell me. I don’t like mindgames, you know that.”

“I’m not trying to play a *mindgame with you*,” Stiles grits his teeth as he speaks, so it almost comes out as a growl. “I’m trying to get you to come here and pick me up so I can have a conversation with you, dude, I’m – I’m – I’m – I’m –“ he stutters for a moment, palming his forehead with his free

hand. “I’m not angry *at* you. Okay? My emotions are…I’m sorry, I’m all over the place.”

“Pre-heat does that,” Derek says, all understanding and none of the accusation of before. Oh, the idiot. The baby idiot. He thinks it’s pre-heat. He thinks Stiles is going to be all wet and ready for him when he comes over. Oh, idiot. Fucking idiot.

“Please just come get me,” he pinches the bridge of his nose.

Derek does. It’s only twenty minutes later that Derek is sliding up along Stiles’ curb, pulling his keys out of the ignition because he takes immediate note that the Sheriff’s cruiser is not in attendance in the driveway. He wants to come in and lick Stiles’ face or something, Stiles is sure, but Stiles is already opening up the front door and stepping out into the crisp autumn air. Derek pauses in the middle of popping open his door when he sees Stiles emerging, a questioning look on his face as Stiles moves through the dead grass of his front lawn to get to the passenger side.

He gets inside. Derek sits with the keys in his lap for a moment. “You don’t smell like you’re in pre-heat,” he assesses.

“Can you drive me down the block?” He asks, voice quiet. His hands are shaking. He doesn’t want to do this. Maybe he should’ve just done it over text, because Derek is all real and 3D and not just a figure in his mind. The conversation was planned out in his head, but it was easier then. Derek has a way of being in person that is so different from the way that Stiles thinks of him when he’s not around. Stiles…can’t really explain it.

Derek starts the car and drives. He side-eyes Stiles a bit as he goes, because Stiles is manically biting at his thumbnail and not saying a god damn word and Derek has to know something’s wrong. Can smell it all over him. “You’re uncharacteristically quiet.”

“Yeah,” Stiles agrees. Looks at him full on in the face for the first time and frowns. “Are you high?”

“Uh,” he says, and Stiles nearly puts his own head through the windshield. “A bit.”

“Oh, great,” Stiles throws his hands in the air, even though he should’ve expected nothing more and nothing less from this asshole. “That’s great. That’s the perfect way I want you to be while having this conversation with me.”

“Which conversation?” Derek asks, puzzled. Of course he’s puzzled. Stiles isn’t making any sense.

“Can you pull over right here?” He gestures to a spot in front of a house he doesn’t recognize that must be inhabited by people he doesn’t know. It’s two streets down from his own house, far from where anyone he knows could possibly hear this conversation. Derek does, sliding to a stop alongside the curb and throwing it into park. “You – you might wanna turn the car off. For this.”

With a narrow to his eyes, Derek does. The car silences, and then they’re left alone in the car with no other sounds. Just them. *Three of them*. Stiles wants to vomit at the thought alone. “You seem upset,” Derek cocks his head to the side, reading his emotions like an open book. “What’s up? You call me all pissed and drag me out here and park me on the side of the road and you won’t say anything to me. What’s the matter, love?”

Oh. How Stiles fucked Derek in the first place because of that endearment. Meaningless, just a word, Stiles thinks. But Derek says it just right. And the best is when Derek says it in between his legs.

Stiles looks at his hands. “I gotta tell you something,” he admits, shame coloring his tone. What does he have to be ashamed of, he thinks? What is there to have shame for? He doesn’t know. “It’s not great.”

“Oh,” Derek’s face goes blank. “You, uh…you seeing someone else?”

“No,” Stiles shakes his head. Derek leans back and lets out a breath, like he’d been holding it.

“What is it, then? You just don’t wanna see me anymore?”

“No,” another head shake. “I mean…no I don’t want to not see you anymore.”

“Oh.” He blinks at the side of Stiles’ face. “Uh…you’re not giving me a lot to work with.”

Stiles clasps his hands together in between his legs and shrinks into the smallest possible ball he can. It’s not hard to look small, next to Derek – Derek is all big shoulders and big arms and thick hands and tall, and strong, and he’s *all* alpha. Stiles likes that in a man. Stiles likes it when Derek looms over him, and he liked it the first time they had sex when Stiles was almost sure it wasn’t going to fit because he was just so big and he made Stiles feel so small.

But here, Stiles doesn’t like being so small. The feeling is like being insignificant. He’s nothing. Derek is going to push Stiles out of the car and laugh at him and tell all his friends that he knocked up some stupid high school omega. He’s going to never return Stiles’ calls. He won’t even pay for the abortion. Stiles will have to have it and he’ll ruin his entire life and Derek will just go on to graduate and become successful, and Stiles will be nothing. A single parent to a child whose other father never cared about them.

Stiles sniffles, and wipes at his nose. He’s already crying, and he hasn’t even said anything.

“Hey, whoa,” Derek reaches out and puts his hand on Stiles’ back. “Hey, hey, what? What’s the matter?”

Stiles puts his hand over his mouth. “This is so shitty,” he moans, and Derek has no idea what he’s talking about. “This is so shitty. I…”

“What?” Derek sounds mystified. This is all coming out of left field, for him. Last time they saw each other, everything was fine, and now out of nowhere, Stiles is here crying and being evasive. “What’s shitty?”

Pulling his hand off of his face, Stiles sniffles and wipes at his eyes. He can't do this, he knows that he can't, and Derek is looking right at him with all this concern on his face, and Stiles is so…small. He's not big enough for this. But he has to do it, and so he does. "I'm pregnant."

Derek stares at him for a moment. This is it, Stiles thinks. "You're shitting me," he says, no inflection.

Any second now. Any second. Stiles will be out of this car and standing on the side of the road while Derek speeds off, never to be heard from again. Any second. Stiles points to his face, dead serious, and shakes his head. No, not shitting anything.

"You're kidding me." He reaches his hand out, places it firmly on Stiles' stomach. He holds it there for a second, and Stiles stares at it and wonders if this is the last time they're ever going to touch. What an awful way to go out, Stiles thinks, looking at Derek's tan hand on his red shirt. What a nightmare. The seconds tick by, and Derek's eyes go big.

Whatever it is his alpha senses can pick up, it has him looking up with a stupefied expression on his face, meeting Stiles' gaze head on. He says, "holy shit." He's fucking *high*. "There's…" …a fetus in there. Yeah. "It's…you think it's mine?"

The question nearly blows Stiles' mind. He rears back and looks Derek in the face, trying his hardest to look even a little annoyed – hard to do, with tears still falling down his cheeks. "Who else's could it be?"

"I don't know," he says, shaking his head. His hand is still pressed up against Stiles' stomach. He's not moving. Why isn't he trying to get Stiles away from him? "We were never exclusive, I told you that. I said fuck whoever you want. You – you weren't…? With anyone else?"

There's this bizarre hopeful tone in his voice. Stiles is blown away by the fact that in this moment, with Stiles saying *I am pregnant with your fucking child*, an alpha can really sit there and be thinking about stupid territorial bullshit, like whether or not an omega they like to fuck is fucking other

people. Holy shit. “No, it’s yours. You got me fucking pregnant, dude.”

“Uh.” Derek slowly pulls his hand away from Stiles’ stomach. Drops it down into his lap. This moment, here, now, Derek should say something awful, unforgivable. Instead, he says, “well, fuck. You don’t think it was the Costco condoms, do you?”

“That’s exactly what I think it was,” Stiles cries, can’t believe he’s having this conversation. “.2 cents a condom and you think that huge *fucking* thing in between your legs isn’t going to get me knocked up. It probably ripped every time.”

There’s this hopeless, disbelieving note in his voice as Derek shakes his head and looks out the windshield, saying, “you just liked the bubblegum ones so much, I kept using them. Well, fuck. I mean, I knew the green apple ones were cheap and shitty, so I never used them – I thought the pinks were the best quality –“

“*Derek*,” Stiles pleads, grabbing onto his arm. “I need you – I need your help. I need you to help me with this, please don’t…be an asshole about this.”

Derek blinks at him, several times. He’s stoned, but he’s stoned most of the time, so it’s par for the course. This is just how he is. “You think I would be?” Offended. He is offended at the mere accusation. “Your pussy didn’t fuck and inseminate itself. I think I’m aware of my own involvement in… that.”

Even as he says it, Stiles is waiting for the other shoe to drop. There’s amazement, deep down inside of him, that Derek is still even just sitting here talking to him. Derek isn’t much of an asshole, all things said and done – but he has struck Stiles to be, on occasion, stupid and thoughtless and maybe even a little selfish. But, aren’t all alphas? To a point.

“I really fucked up,” Stiles shakes his head and furiously wipes at his face. “I really, really screwed up.”

Derek looks at the ceiling of his car. “Anything you want to do about it, you just say the word. If I tell my parents it’s for something else, they’ll give me money. If you…not that I’m saying you have to or you should or, like, I’m forcing my own opinion on you. Just…so you know it’s an option. Because I can pay. For that.”

“Derek, I don’t know what I’m gonna do,” he shrugs. Abysmal. “I’m really scared and…I’m just really happy you…I’m just really happy you’re not leaving me alone, right now.”

“Well, Jesus,” Derek looks directly at him as Stiles starts to cry more, overwhelmed with relief. Derek puts his hand on Stiles’ back again, pat pat pat. “I wouldn’t do that.”

“Yeah,” Stiles says. He’s almost angry at himself, for what he said to Scott about him the other day, when he first found out. Derek is stupid, yes. Malicious and cruel, no. “I…I need to ask a really huge, really shitty favor of you. It’s so shitty, but I…I really need you to do this.”

“Shoot,” he says, like it’s nothing to him. It could be anything, Stiles is about to ask of him, and Derek is just gonna shrug and say *shoot*.

Stiles looks out the window and sees a dog being let out, running happily through the grass with a glad bark. “I need you to come with me when I tell my dad. Because he doesn’t know you exist because you’re older and he wouldn’t approve and he doesn’t know I’ve been having sex or that I’ve ever had sex and he thinks I’m a virgin and that I don’t even know what alphas look like.”

“Oh,” Derek sounds displeased. Of course he would be – Stiles cannot blame him for that.

“He has a gun and he can be really scary. He has perfect aim. He will at bare minimum try to hit you. I’m really sorry, but I…I can’t do it alone?”

Derek swallows. It’s heavy and loud, in the silence. “Of course,” he agrees. “I will…do that, with you. Uh. If he hits me, do I have permission to hit

him back?"

"No," Stiles shakes his head. "Absolutely not."

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The doorbell rings, and Stiles nearly shits his heart out of his pants. He leaps up out of the easy chair he had been sitting in next to his father, who's doing a crossword puzzle and listening to the game on television in the background, scattering across the room in quick steps before his father even has time to put the paper down.

"I'll get it," he caws, hysterical.

"Who would that be on a Tuesday night?" His father mumbles, preoccupied.

Right. Stiles hadn't even told him he was bringing a friend over to introduce. He figured it would be best to just spring everything on him all at once – the alpha, the age, the…thing. Calling it the b word feels premature. It's not…it's not that, yet. It's just a thing. Stiles can't face it.

"Uh, it's," he stutters, then simply vanishes into the foyer and rips the door open so hard it nearly comes off its hinges.

Derek is standing there. Oh, this boy. He's got on khakis and a button down. The cleanest pair of sneakers he owns – Stiles swears he took a toothbrush to them. His hair is neatly styled and he smells like cologne. Stiles is so fond of him, in this exact moment, that he made even the barest iota of a fucking effort and didn't get blazed before coming over, he could hug him.

But the door is wide open and the smell of an alpha is radiating into the house, and the Sheriff is suddenly in the doorway. Seconds ago he was in another dimension, all letters and rows and boxes – now, the presence of an alpha being alone with his omega son has roused him from sleep and he's fully alert. "Who's this?" He asks, instant.

Stiles hasn't had a chance to say a word to Derek, yet. No assurances, no *it's cool just stay calm*, no nothing. Derek is being thrown to the lion's den, no preparation. He doesn't even have a weapon to fight back with.

He beckons Derek inside. "Oh, this is," Stiles starts, while he shuts the door behind him. "…this is Derek Hale."

"And who's Derek Hale?"

Stiles swallows. Derek swallows. After a pregnant pause (ah, the puns), Derek wipes his hand off on his khakis like he's sweating or something and offers it up to the Sheriff. "Pleasure to meet you," elbow to the side from Stiles, "*sir*."

The Sheriff stares at the hand. It hangs there. He looks at his son, looks at this strange alpha in his house whose name he's never heard before who is standing dangerously close to his son, and does the cop's math. He is not happy, but he's not an animal. He takes the hand and shakes. It looks like he's gripping too hard. "Firm handshake," he says, like it's a challenge.

"Sure is," Derek agrees. Oh, God…

They finally release after shaking for altogether too long, and Derek retracts his hand and stuffs it into his pocket as if out of fear the Sheriff might grab it again and do worse things to it. Wise.

"Let's get something to drink, and sit down," Stiles suggests, ushering the other two men off with sweeping gestures of his arms. He makes sure to sandwich in between the two of them, so that Derek is in front of them and the Sheriff is behind him as they shuffle along towards the kitchen. "Dad, orange juice?"

"All right," the Sheriff agrees, once they're all standing on the linoleum floor.

"Sit," Stiles commands to both of the alphas. "Sit, I'll get everything."

They do. Derek immediately, like a dog responding to Pavlov's bell, and

the Sheriff slowly. Cautiously. He is waiting for the bomb to drop. God, he has no fucking idea, he couldn't even imagine, couldn't begin to even think.

He thinks the worst thing that's going to happen today is that Stiles says he's dating someone. He'll be wishing that was the worst of it when this conversation is over.

"Derek, I'll get you a beer." It's not like Stiles needs to ask Derek if he needs a beer or not – he does. He just simply absolutely fucking does.

Derek tugs at the collar of his shirt like it's choking him. "Yeah, thanks."

Stiles' father snorts, while Stiles leans into the fridge and clinks the beer bottles together as he pilfers one from the six pack. "I'm lax with you on special occasions, kid, but I don't generally let underaged strangers drink in my house."

Ohhhhhh, boy. Stiles thought that his father could just sort of…tell. From looking at him. Derek does not look like a high schooler, but maybe he was just deluding himself because believing anything else didn't even occur to him. His brain isn't hardwired for such a repellant thought. "Uh…" Stiles starts, slowly pulling his head out of the fridge with the beer in his hand. "…Derek is 22, dad."

Silence. Damning, deathly, horrible silence. The Sheriff's mouth clicks shut. Derek looks about ready to make a valiant run for the back door.

"He's a senior at BU. He's a really good architect, you should see his blueprints, he's…he's talented," Stiles stammers, dropping the beer and the glass of orange juice off at the table, in front of both of them respectively. "And he's going to grad school, too. Scholarship. Not that he needs it, because his family is wealthy. Um…"

The longer Stiles is the only one who speaks, the worse it's going to get. There's only so much small talk they can have before his father just freaks out on principle alone, so Stiles needs to hurry up and cut to it, get it over with.

As he sits down next to Derek and across from his father, there's nothing he would like more than to reach out, take Derek's beer from him, and chug the entire thing. There's more than one reason he can't do that, now, and it's a sobering remember of what this is all about in the first place.

Derek does chug it, however. Downs the entire thing. The Sheriff watches with this eye twitch. It twitches, and it twitches, and Stiles would nudge Derek and tell him to fucking not do that, but why bother? He needs it. Desperately.

"Dad, Derek is here because I've got…I've got something to tell you."

The man has not touched his orange juice. The glass sits there and collects dust from the air. "Is it that you're dating an alpha you know I'm going to tell you you're not allowed to see anymore? Because I've figured that out."

As a kneejerk response from having to clarify this to his friends a million times before, Stiles says, "well we're not even dating, it's mostly just…" and catches himself at the last minute.

The man's eyes nearly come popping out of his skull. This is not going well. Stiles and Derek are the Titanic, and Stiles' dad is the iceberg, and it can all only end one fucking way. Stiles had low hopes for this discussion to begin with. But actually experiencing it…Stiles is burning.

Stiles clears his throat. "…that is not what I need to tell you, either way," he waves it off, sitting up straighter. Derek is mute silent. That's for the best. First words out of his mouth would be : *uh, uh, uh…*

"How do you even know this boy?" He demands, gesturing to Derek while simultaneously acting like he doesn't even exist. "Where did you even meet him?"

Lie, or the truth. Lie, or the truth. "Um…a party?"

"A *party*?"

"A…a frat party?"

Stiles remembers the night well. It was the start of Summer – early June, school out, Stiles' birthday still fresh and cool. He had bought a pack of cigarettes before picking Scott up, just because he could. He was smoking one outside with a beer when Derek had stepped outside on the back porch with him. Coincidence, mostly.

Derek had looked at him, and Stiles has been an omega long enough to know the difference between when an alpha is just looking and when they're *looking*. You know. That look. Stiles didn't say he was in high school because it would be uncool and he wanted Derek to think he was cool, and Derek didn't ask. Why would he?

"A –" the man has an aneurism. Stiles is sure of it. "A – a *what*? Stiles, are you out of your mind? Bringing this kid in here with half a beard who's nearly in graduate school –" Derek tilts the beer bottle back to get the last remaining drops, desperate, "…that you met at a frat house party which I've strictly banned you from ever setting foot inside of?"

"I didn't know he was in high school," Derek speaks. Oh, thus spake Judas.

"Holy shit," Stiles covers his face. This isn't happening.

"You didn't…" the Sheriff sputters. His brain isn't catching up. It can't compute this much horror.

"I mean, he's eighteen, so…" Derek says this defensively – like he has anything to fucking defend.

"I need you on silent mode," Stiles says, and Derek hugs his empty beer bottle against himself. His only real defense.

"You've got five seconds to get up," an angry finger is jabbed directly into Derek's face. Derek goes cross eyed looking at it. "…get the hell out of my house, and not even think about contacting my son ever again, do you hear me?"

"Dad," Stiles tries, cautious. Derek look at Stiles, eyes big, like *what the*

fuck do I do, and Stiles swallows. “Dad, just calm down. He’s nice, he’s a nice boy, he’s –“

“Five,” he counts, and Derek looks afeared for his very mortal soul. “Four…”

“Oh, what are you gonna do, shoot him if he doesn’t leave?” Stiles shouts, voice going up three registers instantly.

“Three,” he menaces. Derek is looking at Stiles again. *Help me*.

“He’s all talk, he’s not gonna do anything,” Stiles says to Derek.

“Two.”

“His gun isn’t even on his person currently.”

“One.” The Sheriff stands. Stiles had been bluffing to Derek earlier – honestly, he has no idea if the Sheriff has got a gun on him right now or not. He is not about to find out.

The Sheriff stands, and then Stiles leaps up immediately after him before the man can make another single move. As a last ditch effort, Stiles says the only thing he can think of that’ll stop him dead in his tracks. The truth, pretty much. “I’m pregnant,” Stiles hollers.

Everything freezes. Derek cradles his beer bottle and Stiles’ father stands and blinks. Silence, silence, Stiles looking between the both of them, waiting for something to happen.

“I’m…I’m so sorry, daddy, I’m pregnant.”

Tick, tick, tick of the clock.

In the blink of an eye, the table is flipped over. The orange juice goes flying against the wall with a resounding shattering noise, the table slamming upside down on the ground so its legs are sticking up like an overturned cow, and Derek is just holding his beer bottle. Still sitting in his chair. What

else is he supposed to do?

“Dad, *don’t*!” Stiles hollers at him, but it’s too late.

Oh, was it too late.

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“That wasn’t as bad as I thought it was gonna be,” Stiles says, mock cheer in his voice as they sit in Derek’s car, parked in front of Stiles’ house. Derek is looking at himself in the mirror inside his visor, examining his teeth. There’s blood all over them, and he sucks it off with a slurping noise that has chills going up Stiles’ spine.

“For an old guy, he can really throw a punch.” He slaps the visor against the hood of his car and frowns, licking at his teeth some more. Alphas disgust and thrill Stiles in equal amounts, sometimes. “Saw my life flash. Old man fist, last thing I see? What a way to go out.”

“He’s not that old,” Stiles murmurs, looking out the window to where the kitchen light is still on. It’s a miracle the lightbulb didn’t shatter in all the scuffle. There was the punch and Stiles yelling, and then Derek throwing his beer bottle maybe just for a distraction, and Stiles throwing his body on top of Derek’s to protect him from any further blows before practically running for their lives out of the house.

There was nothing else to do. The news was out there – the man needed to calm the hell down. Now, Stiles is sitting here with Derek, the sun going down. Stiles tilts his head back and sighs through his nose, shaking his head. “I’m really sorry about that.”

“No big deal,” he insists, and really, what’s one more punch in the face to an alpha? Just another day. “Saw it coming.”

“I loved your brilliant input on not knowing I was in high school, by the way.”

Derek snorts. “Hey, just so you know…I know I kind of said it before, but I

just wanted to reiterate," he reaches over the center console, puts his hand on Stiles' arm. "…anything you want to do. I can roll with the punches. You know? We did this together, so we're in it together."

Stiles puckers his lips. "Even if I have to keep it?" He quanders, voice nearly a whisper.

Derek nods his head. "Even if anything. That's what I get. Value box of Costco brand flavored rainbow condoms."

Stiles stifles a smile, and then shrugs. "Hey, I'm the one who was obsessed with the bubblegum ones."

There's this moment where Derek is just staring at him, and Stiles just kinda stares back. What Stiles had almost said in there to his father had been true – they've never been dating. It's only ever been hooking up since the day they met each other. They have sex and eat together, sometimes. They hang out, sometimes. But mostly they just fuck and run. The number of really real in depth conversations Stiles can say he's had with Derek since they met are…not many.

They don't know each other that well. Derek knows the inside of Stiles' vagina better than he knows Stiles. That was cool, before. It was cool.

"You ready to go in, or you wanna sit longer? I got time."

Stiles sighs. "No, I need to…I gotta go in there."

"I can sit out front and wait in case you need a getaway car," he suggests. "You can sleep at my place."

"That's nice, but I gotta do this." He pops the door open, looking over his shoulder as he climbs out with a thin smile on his face. "As soon as I figure it out, you'll be the first to know. What I'm gonna do, I mean."

"Okay," Derek says, and Stiles closes the door. Turns and faces the house with a frown on his face. It's funny – he grew up here. He was born here. He learned everything here. Now, this is the house where he's done this,

made this horrible, huge mistake, and everything seems different about the house he grew up in.

Scarier, almost. Foreign.

Stiles walks through the lawn as Derek drives away, hugging his arms against his chest to battle the cold air. He probably shouldn't be doing things like waltzing outside without a jacket on no matter how pressing the circumstances anymore, considering he's…you know. The thing.

If he's getting an abortion it doesn't matter. Stiles swallows and shakes his head. It's too much to think about. Inside he goes, where the house is silent. He walks forward and sees that the kitchen is just how he left it, orange juice everywhere, Derek's beer bottle shattered on the floor, the table upended. He rubs at his arm and moves some more, ahead, to where he knows his father is probably lurking.

And there he is. Dining room table, tumbler of scotch, all by himself. He knows that Stiles is standing there, but he doesn't make any move to acknowledge him. None whatsoever. Stiles feels tiny again. He hates to feel this way, among alphas, but that's his disposition, and he can't do anything about it. "I know you're really disappointed in me," he starts, and his dad just sips. "I know that. I know that Derek is…he's not suitable. He's older and a bad guy and he's not what you would want for me, I know that. And it seems like I've ruined everything."

After a long sip, his father speaks. "How many times did I tell you growing up…" and Stiles sighs through his teeth, knowing what's coming. "…not to throw your life away for the first alpha that looks your way? How many times did I tell you you weren't allowed to date? Let alone what you've gone and done."

Stiles hugs his arms against his body. "I dunno," he mutters. Too many to count.

"You worked *so hard* to get into that school. You worked *so hard* to get that scholarship," Stiles' eyes fill with tears and he wants to evaporate – he

hasn't wanted to think about this. "And now that's all going down the drain because of an alpha with a nice car and a nice face. How's that make you feel?"

"I don't know what I'm gonna do yet," he wipes at his face. He's so sick of crying about this. "I don't…I don't know what I'm gonna do. Derek's got money, he can…pay."

"Jesus *Christ*, Stiles," the Sheriff puts his hand over his face. He shakes his head. Stiles has never felt worse in his entire life.

"Look, I know you're angry at me and you're disappointed and I – I – I know this is all so messed up, but I don't know what to do," he cries, hugging himself tighter. "I don't know what to do, and I'm really scared right now and it's hard, and it's scary, and I need you to…I really need you to just not be mad at me for just a night, okay? Just one night, can you just…can you just say it's gonna be okay? Daddy, please?"

It takes him a second. But only a second. He puts his glass down with a big heaving sigh and turns in his chair, opening his arms up and gesturing for Stiles to come over and accept the embrace. Stiles rushes over, desperate for the affection in the wake of all of this nightmarish bullshit, burying his face into his dad's neck and holding on for dear life. He cries, gently, into his shirt and shakes, while his father hugs him tight around the middle.

"I know," he says, quiet. "I know. I know you didn't mean for this to happen."

"We used protection, it just…"

"I don't need details, kid," he mutters, hugging him closer. "I'm not sorry I punched him."

"He's nice. He's okay. I don't…" with a deep inhale, Stiles admits the worst possible thing he could admit to his father, in light of all of this. "…I don't know him super well."

“Jesus Christ, Stiles.”

“Promise me that no matter what I decide to do you’ll support it even if you’re mad at first.”

“Stiles,” he warns, voice tired and beat down and like Stiles is asking far too much of him.

“Promise me.”

A deep sigh. And then, because Stiles’ father loves him and would die for him and would absolutely do anything for his son no matter the cost, he says, “I promise.”

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“Well, you’re definitely pregnant,” the nurse says with a shrug, glaring at the ultrasound screen with a tightness around her eyes. Stiles feels humiliated in the stirrups with a stomach covered in goop and the way that everyone has looked at him since he’s set foot in here – pregnant teen male omega, a fucking nightmare to most people – and she’s not making it any better. She’s curt and to the point. Stiles wishes there were male omega doctors closer to him, but they’re all miles upon miles away from where he lives. He might beg Derek to make the trip out there next time, just to not have to go through with this.

If there is a next time. He swallows and nods his head. Definitely pregnant. Like he needed an ultrasound to tell him that.

The doctor is much nicer. She welcomes them both into her office and doesn’t flinch at the idea of what Stiles is, why he’s here right now, doesn’t bat her eyes at how young he and Derek are, barely even reacts. Professional, clean. She smiles at them a bit tightly, trying to make it seem like this is a cheery situation even as Stiles has clearly cried at some point in the last day and Derek is uncomfortable and quiet.

Stiles didn’t have to beg him to come today or anything, but Stiles did

vomit this morning and then cry on the phone to him about how he can't go alone, please don't make him – so it's not like any half-decent person could've said no anyway.

"I find that a lot of people like to know conception date," she says, grinning falsely at them. "Would you like to? It's just fun trivia, I guess."

"Sure," Stiles agrees, not meeting her eyes. There are pictures of babies everywhere. Some of them clinical and scientific, some of them just… babies. Stiles hasn't used that word or had that imagery in his head for what's going on inside of him yet, and he's uncomfortable and sad and wants to go home. He hates it here. He hates being here.

"September 3rd. Ring any bells?"

Stiles puts his hand over his eyes, and god only knows what Derek's reaction is. Oh, boy does it fucking ever.

On September third, a little over a month ago now, Stiles went over to Derek's place for dinner. Which consisted of booty call bullshit food. Derek had ordered pizza likely only a minute and a half after calling and inviting Stiles over, how little he fucking cared. They ate the pizza and the breadsticks and drank beer while watching some bullshit on Derek's crappy television in his shit living room. Yes, his parents have money – but Derek isn't spoiled. The car is the only thing they've ever bought for him outright. Everything else, he works for. Stiles thought it was neat – a rich boy with a work ethic.

Stiles remembers the date September 3rd so well because Derek's roommate has this really doofy cat calendar hanging on the wall, one of the sparse decorations in the apartment. It's cartoon cats that say stupid things, like *hang in there, buddy!!* on a Monday or *hump day no way!!* on a Wednesday.

On Friday September 3rd, the calendar had a cat sitting down like a person. It was an orange tabby cat, and it was sitting on a couch. It read, *it's CAT-sual Friday* right above the announcement of the date. Friday, September

3rd. This particular sheet of the cat calendar is burned into Stiles' brain because it happens to be hanging right above the television – and Stiles wasn't staring at it instead of the show. The show had been long over and the pizza long eaten by the time Stiles was committing the cat to memory.

It's CAT-sual Friday September 3rd is lodged into Stiles' brain because that was the night Derek ate Stiles out on the couch. There have been many different occasions where Derek has stuck his head between Stiles' legs, make no mistake – Stiles wouldn't waste his time with an alpha who doesn't do it often, trust that – but that was the only time Derek ever did on his living room couch. He literally shoved the last of the pizza into his mouth, final bite, looked at Stiles, and said, "want me to eat you out?"

He wasn't even done chewing. It was an immediate yes. Garlic bread breath and all, Stiles had said yes without even thinking about it. And while Derek kneeled between Stiles' legs and made Stiles drip all over the towel Derek hastily shoved underneath his ass, Stiles gripped his hair and stared at that orange tabby cat, memorizing it. *On September 3rd, Derek ate me out so well I squirted into his mouth. On September 3rd he fucked me on the couch where he and all his roommates sit all the time and they'll never know we fucked here. On September 3rd, CAT-sual Friday, Derek made me come three times*. September 3rd, three times.

Stiles said this to him. It was funny, at the time. "Three times on the third," Stiles winked at him as he shimmied his jeans back over his legs. "It's CAT-sual Friday, indeed."

"Huh?" Derek muttered, deadass opening up the pizza box and poking around in the crust Stiles had left behind. He never eats the crust. Derek had shoved Stiles' sloppy crusts into his mouth like a savage.

"The cat calendar," Stiles had said, pointing to it. "It's CAT-sual Friday."

Derek smirked. "You like that calendar?"

"I've noticed it. Like is a strong word, but I've certainly looked at it."

Derek ate his nasty leftover crusts, Stiles' mouth juices and all, and smiled at him. "Three times on September 3rd. I'll remember that."

Stiles turns to him, now, in the present. Raises his eyebrows. "Remember that?"

Derek has got his hand over his mouth. "CAT-sual Friday," he murmurs, haunted. "The baby's name has to be Catherine, now."

That, for whatever reason, makes Stiles shut down. The baby's name, he thinks? What baby? What name?

"Um, so," Stiles clears his throat, quickly changing trajectories. "I wanted to, uh. Talk about my options?"

"Options," she repeats, voice going a bit high. "Right, yes. I've got a pamphlet, if you're interested."

"Yeah," he says. Derek sits there and jiggles his leg. Looks at the baby imagery. Stiles can't imagine what's going through his mind. Where he can get his hands on a meatball sub, most likely.

Out the pamphlet comes, and Stiles takes it in both hands. Swallows thickly as he stares at the cover. It's of a girl looking out a window, hand over her belly, with sweeping pink lettering over the top. *You Have Choices*, it says, and Stiles bites his lip as he pops it open.

Many women and omegas find themselves in positions of unwanted pregnancies – this is common, and nothing to be ashamed of. There are various reasons for how these pregnancies can come about, but the most important thing to focus on if you find yourself in such a situation is that you do have choices, and you can find support no matter what choice you make.

"So, ballpark – how much does an abortion actually cost?"

"Holy shit, Derek," Stiles chides, looking up from his reading with an apologetic look in the doctor's direction. She smiles tightly.

“Ah – it depends on…”

If you choose to keep your baby in spite of being alone, either partnerless or with minimal family and friends or both, there are options for you. To learn more about support groups and shelters to cater to you and your baby’s needs, call toll free…

“…thought it would be more, actually,” Derek says, stroking his chin with two fingers. Stiles licks his lips and looks at him, wondering how he would actually do as a father. For starters, he really sat there and unironically said he wanted to name a baby Catherine in memory of the day Stiles squirted into his fucking mouth. So…

If you choose to terminate your pregnancy, you should understand that depression, anxiety, and even in extreme cases PTSD are likely side effects from this decision. You should understand that termination of pregnancy is final. You should understand that many women and omegas go on to regret this decision later in life. Termination of a pregnancy should be a last resort option, and not an instantaneous response to an unwanted…

“Bunch of horseshit,” Stiles mutters – he thinks quietly. But when he looks up, he finds both Derek and the doctor staring at him. Stiles swallows, sitting up straighter. “Sorry. Just – is this a religious pamphlet or something?”

She smiles. Still tight. “It’s all they ever give us.”

And that figures. It’s not like anything they’re saying is wrong, necessarily. You shouldn’t rush into an abortion, they’re right. You should be aware that there can be negative mental side effects to the decision. But just…maybe Stiles doesn’t want to think about it that much. He doesn’t want to be aware of anything. He just wants it to be done with.

“Hey,” Derek puts his hand on Stiles’ back, leaning in a bit closer to him. “I’ve got class soon. You wanna go?”

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“I am really not trying to rush you. I am not trying to push you in any direction. I’m not saying anything that has an opinion,” Scott says, shoving a wad of Cheetos into his mouth from his spot on Stiles’ bed. “But if you wanna abort it, you better do it quick. Time is running out.”

“Yeah,” Stiles says, looking out his window. Yeah, time is running out. It’s been weeks. Stiles hasn’t done anything about it. He goes to school, and sometimes Derek texts and asks him if he’s decided yet, and he eats, and he vomits sometimes in the morning, and he does his work, and nobody knows, and he feels…like he’s just…floating. In a limbo period.

“I’m just saying.”

“You think I should,” Stiles says, accusation in his tone.

“I never said that.”

“But you think I should.”

“Um…well,” he rubs at the back of his neck with cheeto fingers. “I mean…just seems like…the right thing? I mean, from my perspective. You can do whatever you want, but like…if it were me.”

“If it were you, you’d abort it.”

“Well, yeah.” He says it like it’s obvious. A no-brainer.

“You’ve never really had to think about it,” Stiles shrugs – it’s snowing outside. First snow of the year. Derek texted him this morning and asked him how he was. Also asked if he’s avoiding Derek. Kinda, Stiles had thought, without answering the text. Kinda. “You think it’d be so easy because it’s never really going to happen to you. I’ve got a real baby growing in my real body and Derek fucked it into me with his real dick and real sperm. Nothing hypothetical about it. It’s easy to say you’d do something when you don’t really have to do it.”

Scott is quiet for a long time. He crunches and thinks. He thinks a lot. People think he's sort of dumb, but he's actually really not – he's street smart. He can think, and think, consider every angle of a situation. "You know, I've never thought of it that way. I just thought you were pro-choice."

"It's not – holy shit," Stiles rolls his eyes and turns all the way around from his window in his swivel chair, shaking his head in disbelief. Alphas are fucking idiots. "I should have the right to do what I want, that's not the point. The point is, I…I'm not pro-choice because I think abortions are *fun* or *easy*."

"Oh," Scott is surprised. What, like he did think they were fun? Stiles swears on god…

"Derek is so detached. You know? He says he wants to name the baby *this* one second, and the next, he's asking the price of an abortion. I don't know. I made a mistake," he puts his hand over his face and breathes in, deep. "I started thinking of it as a baby."

"Ah, Stiles. Oh, man."

"I know. Just – the doctor's office had baby stuff everywhere. And she kept saying it was my baby. Baby, baby, baby. It's not really a baby, I know that."

"Not yet," Scott says. Not yet, Stiles repeats in his head. "You can't keep a baby and go to college, Stiles. It's your choice, but…I know what you want. You don't want a baby. And Derek Hale is a stoner frat boy idiot who has a big dick and nothing else."

Stiles looks at his hands. "He's actually really nice, but yeah. Sure."

He can't keep a baby. He knows that. He doesn't want a baby either. He knows that. And most importantly, he doesn't think that he can do the abortion. He just…he can't do it. It scares him. And it's okay to be scared by it, he reasons. It's okay if he can't go through with it. That doesn't mean

he thinks it's wrong, he just thinks it's the wrong choice *for him* personally. That's okay. It's okay.

He wishes he weren't avoiding Derek, so he could text him and ask him if that was okay. Derek would say oh yes, of course. Whatever you think, Stiles. Whatever you wanna do, Stiles. My parents have money, Stiles. You're so smart, Stiles.

Sometimes Stiles wishes that Derek would say other things to him, but then he thinks…man, that's just hormones talking. Also, he wants Derek to eat him out again really, really bad. Which could also be hormones talking. And lately he's been thinking that Derek has…unbelievably good genes and his baby is going to turn out cute and hot at the same time thanks to the combination of Stiles and him.

The thing is, Stiles doesn't really have a baby. It's in there, but it's not his.

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"Oh, fuck…." Stiles tilts his head back, gripping onto Derek's hair and panting through his open mouth. He fists his hair so hard it must hurt, but Derek doesn't hardly react – he pushes closer so his nose is brushing against the fine layer of what pubic hair Stiles has, tongue lapping harsh and quick. "How did you ever get so good at this?" He says to the ceiling, eyes rolling back in his head. "I need to know. How can anyone be this good at this?"

Derek pulls off, licking his lips. "Well, I –"

Stiles uses the grip he has on Derek's hair to push him forward again. "No talking, don't talk," he says, thrusting his hips against Derek's face. "Just…" Derek starts licking again, obedient, and Stiles opens his legs wider, pushing his face in deeper.

It's unclear how they even got here – how they got to Derek on his knees and Stiles practically humping his face in his desperation to come, because this started out as Derek just coming over to talk to him. They haven't had

sex since Stiles found out he was pregnant, and it was a bummer, because they used to go at it like rabbits. Honest.

They had sex of some kind – oral, penetrative, phone, skype, text, you fucking name it – at least four times a week. It was gross at best and animalistic at worst; but fun. Oh, fun. They once had sex in the backseat of Derek's car after Derek picked him up from school and there was something so raunchy to Stiles about fucking him in the school parking lot. Like, this is where he comes to learn, and then it was also where he *comes*. Ah. And speaking of which…

"I'm gonna come," Stiles pants, throwing his head back. "I'm gonna come – alpha, *fuck*…" there it goes. Stiles' body tightens and releases around the pleasure with a choked whine, and he flops back onto his bed with a dramatic heave of a sigh, spent and relieved.

Derek doesn't stop. He keeps going. Stiles twitches and grabs at his hair, mouth open. "Ah, really?" He demands, moaning once, quiet.

"You know I can keep going," he says, licking his lips again. It's so fucking obscene when he does that. The guy loves pussy. It's…endearing. Among other things.

"What'd I say about talking?" Stiles lifts his eyebrow, and Derek smirks at him. From down on the ground, looking up at him, you might think Stiles feels in control – but the thing is, Derek has done this to him before. Derek *wrings orgasms out of him*, like a wet fucking towel. Derek has eaten him, and eaten him, and eaten him – like, to the point where Stiles has had to beg him for mercy. Multiple orgasms are great. Derek just tends to use them as a weird, kinky, power thing. "Hey, seriously," Stiles says over the wet sound of Derek flicking his tongue against Stiles' clit. "Don't you want to fuck?"

Derek pulls back all the way. He licks his lips again. Stiles pretends to not be turned on by it. "You wanna…you wanna?"

"Yeah," Stiles sits up, giving him a quizzical look. "Do you…not wanna?"

“Oh, I wanna…” Stiles wishes they’d stop mirroring each other like they constantly do, sometimes. “…I wanna, but um…you know.”

“*Um, I know* what?”

Derek looks at him. “It might…I don’t know. Touch the baby.”

Stiles can’t help it. He bursts out laughing. Hard, harsh, hysterical laughter at Derek’s expense. Derek doesn’t look as amused – he’s smiling, but he’s not really amused. “No, holy shit. Holy shit. Where the fuck do you think my womb is?”

Derek is bone-dry honest. He says, “Deadass, I don’t know. In the vaginal region, I thought.”

“Vaginal. Region.” Stiles is almost speechless. For a man who likes to eat it so much, Derek sure could stand to learn a thing or two about it. But then again, he knows the important things, Stiles guesses. “Your dick is not going to touch my baby if you fuck me, I promise you. Not possible. I mean, it’s big, but…don’t flatter yourself.”

“Oh,” Derek seems puzzled. And unsure. Maybe it just freaks him out. Stiles doesn’t know.

So, he asks. “Does it freak you out? Fucking me when I’m pregnant?”

“No,” he says, honest truth. But then, he reaches his hand out and puts it on Stiles’ stomach, like he had done that first day when Stiles told him he was pregnant. He holds it there for a moment, and when he looks up to meet Stiles’ eyes, he sighs through his nose. “Hey, I wanna say something.”

“Okay,” Stiles sits up. There’s a damp patch on the sheets, but he ignores it.

“I know why you weren’t texting me back,” he keeps Stiles’ eye contact. “You’re not getting an abortion, are you?”

Stiles looks away. Shrugs. “I don’t know.”

“Yeah, you do know. You know.”

“Maybe I do.”

“I would’ve liked to have known. You said you’d tell me as soon as your mind was made up.”

“Yeah,” Stiles is aware of the fact that Derek is still kneeling there between his legs, that Stiles’ legs are still open. That his hand is still in Derek’s hair. He uses it to pet, absentmindedly, biting his lip. “But my mind isn’t made up yet. It is about…that. But I.” He pauses. This is a hard thing to say out loud. “I can’t have a baby. I’m a kid. So are you.”

“I’m more of an adult than –“

“Microwave pizza is a main food group to you and you’re stoned more than you show up for class,” he interrupts, and Derek shuts his mouth. “But I… don’t freak out when I say this. I just feel…it’s, like, growing in there. You know? It’s growing. Inside me. Isn’t that weird?”

Derek looks at him. Steady, long look. Derek has a way of looking at people that is so sure, so strong, so attentive. He looks like he can read people’s minds, sometimes. He’s so…solid.

“And maybe I couldn’t take care of it, but my dad is around. He raised me, and I’m not so bad. And, like, your family is…and…just –“ without warning, Stiles is crying. He puts his fist to his mouth and pulls his legs away from Derek, closes them, cries. Derek stands up, surprised. This has once again come out of nowhere, for him. “…just…I want it, sometimes? At night, I think about it. I started calling it my baby, and I don’t know why I did that. It’s so fucked. Derek, I’m so fucked up.”

Derek knees his way onto the bed. He puts his arm around Stiles, tight. Solid, again. “It’s not fucked up.”

“It’s selfish, is what it is. It’s gonna have a shit life, because I can’t go to school and you’re gonna have to work all the time to make money and my

dad will hate you he's never gonna like you, and there will be this awful rift in the family, and the kid will grow up to resent us because it had a shit life. And I would resent the kid right back because I want *my* life, I want *my* life, *mine*, I don't want to give it up for some…but then…it's my baby."

"Okay," Derek hugs him, lets Stiles vent. "I understand."

"It's in me. Dude, do you know what that's like? You're just the one who put it there. But it's inside *me*, all the time. It gives me those fucking dreams, I know it does."

"Which ones?"

"With the babies. I have dreams about babies. And it's all so nice, but it's not really gonna be like that. It's gonna be so hard, and I'm scared, and I can't do it. Derek, I don't wanna do it, I don't want it, I don't…"

"I know you don't," he assures Stiles, no doubt about it. "I know you don't want it."

"But it's there and I can't get it out," he whispers, into Derek's chest. "I fucked up. I called it my baby, I don't know why I did that. I wanna go back in time to when it was just it, and get rid of it, and…I'm sorry. I'm all over the place. We're fucking and then I'm crying, I'm sorry."

"It's not a big deal," he shrugs, like he really doesn't mind Stiles' dramatics either way. "It happens. There's a lot going on in here." He gestures to Stiles' body – which can encapsulate so many emotions these days he's practically a walking Lifetime movie.

Stiles sniffles. Derek's chest is broad and safe. Nothing bad can happen to him when Derek Holds him like this. "I want you to tell me what to do."

"I am not going to do that," Derek's voice is final and serious. Alpha voice. Stiles talks around it.

"I want you to tell me what your opinion is, because I wanna know it. It's your baby, too."

Derek sighs. He rubs at Stiles' arm silently for some time, like he's thinking. But Stiles already knows that Derek's mind had been made up a long time ago.

"You would've aborted it," Stiles says.

Derek says nothing.

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"Stiles," Derek says Stiles' name just like he always has, in the past. A hint of surprise, always delighted, a smile curling up at the corners of his lips. "Oh, you're showing."

Yeah. Stiles is showing. It's humiliating on more than one level, especially at school where kids are cruel and hateful and terrible – Stiles is popular, even. But this is even a little much for the popular kids to survive. "Let me comment on your weight, too, and see how much you relish it."

"Ah," Derek grins at him, beckoning him into his shitty apartment. There's a pile of pizza boxes by the trash can. Some are weeks old, at least. "It's that time of day for you."

"Stiles," Isaac leans his head back over the couch and looks at the omega, up and down, eyes raking. "You look like a fertility goddess."

"Thanks," he says, dry. Derek's roommates are okay. They've just heard he and Derek having sex so many times that it's embarrassing to speak to them, even if they evidently don't care. "Can I talk to you privately?"

"Derek, leave us," Isaac drawls. His eyes are glued to the screen. Gun shots are going off in his video game, and Stiles smirks and gives Derek a look.

Derek takes Stiles to his bedroom, which is cleaner than the last time Stiles saw it at least. There's a bong on the bedside table and lighters everywhere, an ash tray next to the window where Derek sometimes perches and chainsmokes for hours. His overflowing bookshelf. His clothes. His bed.

Stiles hates/loves this room. His emotions are weird. He doesn't question them anymore.

"You really look amazing," Derek tells him, closing the door behind them. "You've got a bit of a glow."

"It's a sheen of sweat from constantly puking everything the parasite dislikes," he points to his stomach. Derek is transfixed. He reaches out and grabs at Stiles' shirt, lifting it up so he can see the protuberance for himself in perfect daylight.

He puts his hand there, cocking his head to the side. "You're pregnant as fuck."

"I'm barely four months along. It's going to get worse. That's what I'm here to talk to you about. You said you wanted to be the first to know when I made up my mind…so."

Derek drops Stiles' shirt and gestures to the bed. They sit down together, side by side, and Stiles thinks it's weird to be like this with him in this bed. They only ever get in this thing when they're touching each other or sleeping against one another. They've never just…sat on the edge of it before.

The smell of the laundry detergent Derek uses on his sheets, and the smell of his room in general and the specific view out of his window…it makes Stiles horny just being in here. That's the hormones, though. And a little bit of just Stiles. Stiles is starting to like Derek more, these days. But maybe that's just the baby sending *daddy* signals up to his brain every time Stiles looks at him.

"Um, so. I was doing some research, and…the number of couples who can't conceive is actually really high."

"Lucky us."

Stiles wants to say that they're not a couple. Then he decides he won't

correct it.

“And the wait list for adoption agencies is so huge, sometimes. People wait years. And years.”

Derek isn’t following this as closely as Stiles would’ve hoped. Stiles scratches at his cheek and looks out the window briefly, before turning back to meet his eyes.

“I found this organization that, like, screens those kind of couples for potential surrogacy. So people who can’t conceive go and hire someone to carry a baby.”

This, Derek gets. He seems surprised, like he’s never thought of it before. He doesn’t look angry or upset, or anything, which is good – just interested.

“I thought, um...I’m just a stupid kid, so why not give my baby to someone who’s not a stupid kid? And who wants one. And who’s…really thought about it before. You know. How to be a parent.” He shrugs, looking at the floor and not Derek’s face. “Do you think that’s a good idea?”

“It doesn’t matter what I think,” he says, only for the thousandth time.

“I know, but I like to hear your thoughts on things. I like your opinions and I like talking to you. Do you think so? That it’s a good idea, I mean.”

Derek doesn’t much hesitate to answer. He thinks about it only for a second. “I do think it’s a good idea. I think it’s a really good idea.”

Stiles smiles. He can’t help it – it just spreads across his face like butter, smooth, elegant, perfect. He looks at Derek and smiles even wider, because Derek is smiling with him and Derek’s smiles are doled out carefully and with precision. He doesn’t smile just to smile. He smiles when he means it, only.

Stiles has his baby inside of him, right now. Derek’s baby. Weird to think about. The baby is going to smile like Derek. That doesn’t help anyone.

“There’s monetary compensation, too. Dig that. It’s…” he lowers his voice, leaning closer to Derek to whisper like they’re in on a secret together, “… kind of a lot. Want a finder’s fee?”

Derek snorts. “Finder’s fee?”

“Uh, yeah. You’re the Magellan of my pussy, dude. Never been set foot in before, and you impregnate it like Columbus setting the Spanish flag on the shore. You can have a slice of the cake.”

“50/50?”

Stiles bursts out laughing. It’s so loud Isaac must hear it in the main room. “Uh, yeah right. 90 and 10. I’m the ninety, of course.”

“Why do you get ninety and me only ten? I thought I was Magellan.”

“Because I’m the motherfucker who has to carry this thing for another six months. And it’s gonna go downhill and get real bad, real fucking fast. Your ten percent is mostly just for dealing with me.”

Derek blinks at him, in the wake of that. “Oh. You want me…you want me around?”

There’s a brutal sort of vulnerability in his face as he says this – all tentative and unsure. Which is understandable; if Stiles is just going to give the baby away to some random couple and likely never see it again once it comes out of him, then why does Derek really need to be involved? All the same. “Yeah, of course. I like you.”

“I like you,” Derek tells him, and Stiles bites his lip. “I wanna fuck you even more now that you’re showing, is that fucked?”

Stiles grins at him. “Yeah, sorta.”

The Bad Consequences.

Chapter Notes

> This chapter is heavy towards the end. It gets better in the last part - happy better :) We love a bit of angst tho

"What did your parents say?" Stiles asks Derek, in the tranquil dark of his bedroom. The only light that reaches inside is from a streetlight outside his apartment building, close to his campus – it glows through the window and stretches a slant of light across Derek's face where they're looking at one another. They share Derek's pillow, face to face, Derek's hand on his neck. "When you told them. Or did you?"

Derek licks his lips. "I told them," his voice is sleepy and low. Stiles finds it unbelievably attractive. "They immediately threw money at me to get it *taken care of*, as they put it."

"Oh, yeah," Stiles lets a sad smile cross over his face. "How humiliating for the Hale name that their son knocked up an eighteen-year-old omega – they wanted to bury it pretty quick."

"I don't think they meant it like that. I think they meant it like, this is a problem. And problems are just things they bury under rugs." His thumb strokes Stiles' skin, and Stiles leans into the touch with a sigh through his nose. "My family doesn't talk about things. They didn't even really ask me who you were. They just said…here. Take care of it. Like it was that easy."

"Could've been, I guess." Yeah, it could've been really easy. Instantaneous, almost. Nevermind the after effects, in the grand scheme of things. It's not like Derek's parents would've cared how Stiles felt about it after the fact,

anyway. “You think they’d want to meet me?”

Derek’s silence is damning. He only ever goes this quiet when he doesn’t want to say something if only because it’ll hurt Stiles’ feelings or make him feel shitty – Derek likes to keep those things to himself.

He doesn’t know why it hurts his feelings. It’s not like it matters. Stiles isn’t keeping Derek’s baby and they’re not going to start a family together and they’re not even dating – they’re just…two people connected by a massive event, now. Maybe Stiles wishes they cared about him, for some reason he can’t fathom.

As if summoned, Stiles’ phone buzzes on the bedside table. It rattles against Derek’s glass bong and Stiles can tell even from this angle that it’s his father calling. Stiles sits up immediately when he sees the time glowing from Derek’s alarm clock – fucking one in the morning. Time got away from him. He curses under his breath and grabs at his phone, palming his forehead as Derek sits up next to him and huffs a tired sigh.

“Dad, hi,” Stiles says, and bites his lip.

“Where are you?” He demands instantly on the other line. He sounds angry. “It’s one in the morning, why aren’t you in bed? It’s a school night.”

Stiles meets Derek’s eyes in the dark and frowns. “I’m…I’m at Derek’s. Sorry, I’ll come home right now.”

There’s a long silence on the other end. Stiles thinks about hanging up just to escape the inevitable lecture. “I thought I told you I don’t want you seeing that boy.”

“Dad,” Stiles whines, squeezing his eyes shut in annoyance. “His kid is growing inside of me. I can’t just cut him out of my life because you don’t like him.”

Derek stares at the side of Stiles’ face, listening to this entire thing. God only knows what he’s thinking about, hearing all of this. “You know, kid,

just because you got knocked up that doesn't mean you can just go off with him and sleep with him and think it doesn't matter. He's too old for you, and he's clearly not a good influence."

"Christ almighty…"

"Just get back here," he snaps with finality, and hangs up. Stiles lowers the phone into his lap and frowns, rubbing at his face.

"This whole situation is so fucked up," Stiles mutters, leaning over the bed to grab at his shoes where he had thrown them haphazardly on Derek's bedroom floor. "Your parents think I'm the evil harlot who trapped you with a baby and my dad thinks you're a complete creeper. And I have a fucking math test tomorrow morning."

Picking the path of least resistance, Derek watches Stiles lace up and changes the subject. "When are you gonna start looking for someone to take your baby?"

"I go in for an appointment with a guidance person on Tuesday." Hesitantly, he looks over his shoulder and swallows. "Um. I don't wanna go alone. I could ask Scott, but I'd…I'd like it if you took me."

Derek's response is sure and immediate. "Then I'll take you."

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In what seems like only the blink of an eye, all this time passes, and then suddenly Stiles is seven months pregnant. With twins. Yeah.

Neither he nor Derek was ever particularly interested in discovering the sex of the baby when the time came – that milestone came and went, and with it so did the information about what exactly was growing inside of Stiles. The initial ultrasound they had done in Stiles' early second month was preliminary at best. They weren't really looking at anything.

But then Stiles started trying to sell his baby to the highest bidder. And they all wanted to know the sex, because for some reason that really matters to

people. So Stiles went in at five months, got gooped up like a farm animal about to give birth or something, and when the images came up on the screen as Stiles drank a vanilla milkshake, the nurse paused and cocked her head to the side. She looked at the screen closely, and then looked at Stiles with a bizarre smile on her face.

Twins. Two identical boys growing inside of his body that are likely going to look exactly like Derek – tiny Dereks, running around out there somewhere. Stiles isn't supposed to think of it like that anymore, because they're not his babies or Derek's babies and he and Derek will never see them again once they're gone and gone for good, but he does think about it. He thinks about it all the time.

He wonders if they're going to both be alphas like their father. Or if they're going to have different alignments each, or if they'll both be omegas, or if they'll both like the same food or the same things or if they'll have different opinions entirely and be complete individuals and hate being twins. And hate not knowing who their real parents are.

Stiles sits at the window in his living room eating a Snickers bar, quietly crying. He's huge. Gigantic. He takes up so much space in a room that people give him extra inches to walk, like he's a boulder or a house or a stampeding elephant. Everyone stares at him all the time, he thinks, shoveling another mouthful of chocolate into his mouth. It's humiliating being like this. He can't hide anything.

He's so big. He eats more.

His dad comes in the room and sees a sight he sees quite often these days. "Hey, kid," he greets around a sigh. Stiles cries and says hello around a mouthful, before turning around and blubbering a bit.

"Nothing fits me again," he sobs, and the Sheriff pinches the bridge of his nose. They hadn't anticipated Stiles having twins when they went and got him maternity clothes. They planned for a normal pregnancy with a normal number of things growing inside of him and a normal amount of growth in his belly area. As it is now, he should be studied. The rate at which he gets

bigger, and bigger, and bigger…it should be in Ripley's fucking Believe It Or Not. "I want more money."

"Okay," he heaves a great big sigh, again, and puts his jacket back on to go out and get Stiles his money. Stiles has already started receiving compensation from the couple taking his twins, and it comes in every week. But the money they're paying him now is for the pregnancy itself; so it's for his doctor's visits, his check-ups that they insist on forcing him through every single week, and the general expenses of being pregnant. Like needing new clothes every four days because nothing ever fits for longer than that.

The thing is, his dad keeps all that money under strict lock and key. Which is for the best – who knows what Stiles would hormonally and impulsively buy if he had that much money at his fingertips all the time.

Me, 1:45 PM : fat fat fat fat
Derek Hale, 1:48 PM : pregnant pregnant pregnant pregnant
Derek, 1:49 PM : You look crazy hot to me though, I dunno. I wanna be even deeper inside you than those babies are
Me, 1:53 PM : Stop. Smoking. So. Much. WEED!!!!!!!!!
Me, 1:55 PM : Are you still coming on Saturday???
Derek Hale, 1:57 PM : Wouldn't miss it.

At Target, Stiles hobbles along and everyone stares at him. It's a different sort of staring than it was at the very start. When he first got pregnant and first started showing, people gave him dirty looks everywhere he went, nowhere worse than the halls of high school. The suggestion itself that he was a teenaged, pregnant, male omega who evidently wasn't even mated was horrifying to people, Stiles guesses.

But now that he's ballooned up…people look at him differently. They don't look at him like they're disgusted by him, not even in school anymore. They don't look at him like they're judging him. They don't look at him like they're wondering where the alpha is.

They look at him like he's either pitiable or admirable. He's 1100 pounds

and carrying his own books around school, no alpha in sight, and the other kids will offer to help him or suggest he go sit down and they'll bring him his lunch and wait in line for him so he doesn't have to stand for so long. Here in Target, as he bustles inside and picks up a basket, one hand on his enormous belly because it's got no place else to rest, everyone smiles at him and politely clears space for him to move along towards the maternity section all the way in the back. It's like he's fragile cargo now, or something.

Stiles doesn't mind it. What he does mind is the fact that the maternity section in this particular Target is all for women – there's a single rack dedicated to maternity clothes for male omegas, and Stiles picks through it and feels his lower lip start to wobble. He cries about god damn near everything these days; things not going how he wanted them to, television shows, dropping his croissant on the floor, Derek not calling him when he said he would…the list goes on and on. As an omega he used to cry more often than a regular male to begin with. Now it's very nearly comical.

But he refuses to cry here, so he sniffles it up and picks up the only couple of things available to him that aren't completely awful. He makes a pit spot in the snacks aisle to get some chocolate covered pop corn and, for whatever reason, one of those gallon buckets of cheesy puff balls. With all his stuff loaded in his basket and arms he moves to make his way to the checkout, bumping into a display for Burt's Bees with his belly on accident.

He's almost there, when he catches something out of the corner of his eye. It's colorful, bright, stretching on for what seems like miles – the baby stuff. Pink and blue and green and yellow, all pastel, and Stiles side-eyes it and bites his lip.

He doesn't look at stuff like that. The last time he went to the couple who's taking his twins' house they offered to show him the nursey and he politely declined because he just doesn't want to see things like that. He doesn't like… he just doesn't like baby stuff, he reasons. Who cares? It's just stuff for babies, and he's got babies inside of him but they're not his babies. So what does he care?

But then, what does it matter if he just takes a little look? Since he doesn't care.

As though he's doing something he shouldn't be, he looks around to make sure no one is watching him before changing trajectories and dipping into the aisle like a snake, his cheese puffs bouncing around audibly as he moves. He stands there for a moment, in the middle of it all, and just blinks around himself.

He never thinks about any of this. There are car seats in here. Babies can't just…sit in cars like everyone else. You have to buy a special thing for them, and Stiles doesn't think about that, because he doesn't have to and he doesn't want to. To his left, he sees tiny little clothes.

He drops what he has in his arms a bit unceremoniously and reaches out for a tiny, yellow onesie. Picks it up in his fingers, holding it in amazement. It's so small. He runs his fingers along the fabric, feels how soft it is. It comes in all colors. He'd put one of his babies in a yellow one, and the other in a green one. Or he'd put one baby in blue and the other in red. There are matching hats, and little socks, and Stiles plans out entire outfits in his head before he even knows what he's doing.

He thinks, and this is what they'd sleep in and then what I'd put them in when people came over and I'd even color coordinate them all the time and Jasper would always be in yellow and –

He freezes. Drops the onesie into the pile it had come from like it had just burned him. Jasper? Where the hell did that come from?

Licking his lips nervously, he looks around – sees all the baby stuff, surrounding him, and it's like he can't think straight for a second. What's he doing here, he asks himself, shakily bending down to pick up his cheese puffs and other wares. What the fuck does he think he's doing here? He doesn't belong here, with all this stuff. All this tiny, tiny stuff and all the things parents need, because he's not a fucking parent.

There are babies in him, but they're not his babies. There are babies in him,

but they're not his babies. He chants this to himself a lot, when he's alone at night.

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"Remember, three o'clock sharp," Stiles says around a mouthful of jelly donut, licking his fingertips while Derek presses his nose into Stiles' neck. "And wear something kinda nice. I mean, don't put on airs because it'll be obvious but. Something clean, would be appreciated."

Derek presses his lips to Stiles' sensitive spot and Stiles giggles, nearly choking on some of his donut. "You got it," another kiss, and Stiles shoves the rest of his food into his mouth and swallows as fast as he can. "I don't know why I have to really impress them, anyway. They've already paid. What are they gonna do, redact the money if they don't like me?"

"It's not that," Stiles says, watching as Derek pulls away and finally looks him head on in the face. "It's just…important to me. It's important to me that they think you're, like, a suitable alpha."

Derek raises a brow, reaching up to scoop some jelly off of the corner of Stiles' mouth. He licks it off his own finger. "Are you saying I have to put on airs to seem like a suitable alpha?"

"Ummmm…" Stiles trails off, rubbing at his belly absentmindedly. "You know what I mean." He looks pointedly around Derek's bedroom with his eyes – the cigarette butts, the weed paraphernalia, the Burger King bags. He's an average college kid in his starter apartment. So, case and point, not a suitable alpha to be a father. A suitable alpha to fuck, though.

With a roll of his eyes Derek has to concede to the point. Instead of answering, he reaches out and lifts up Stiles' shirt, so the expanse of Stiles' belly is out on full display. Stiles leans back on his elbows, a slight smile tugging at the corners of his lips. For some reason, he really likes it when Derek does this.

Derek puts on hand gently on the very center of Stiles' stomach, right near

his belly button, and then uses the other to rub soothingly on the rest of Stiles' skin. He licks his lips and leans his ear in close, like he's listening for their heartbeats. "You know something creepy? I can hear them moving around in there."

"Ew, what?" Stiles hisses, sitting up a bit. "You're messing with me."

"No, they move. Both of them." He caresses a bit more, big hands moving over Stiles' skin. Over the place where Stiles has kept his alpha-babies tucked safe inside for the past seven months, and he smiles like he…doesn't mind it.

He doesn't mind that they're going to be gone soon. And that's gone for good. Stiles doesn't get how he can be so fucking detached, when Stiles has spent so much time crying over it privately, ashamed to admit how he's getting attached to these stupid babies growing inside of him. Derek rubs at Stiles and smiles and listens to their heartbeats and laughs when one of them kicks because it knows its father is there.

Stiles gets so sad sometimes it's like all he can do is daydream. God, Derek isn't even Stiles' alpha. Derek isn't even Stiles' boyfriend. They just… they're just…Stiles doesn't even fucking know anymore.

"God, I'm hard," Derek mutters, reaching down to adjust himself in his jeans. Stiles rolls his eyes so hard into the back of his head they nearly come toppling out of his skull.

"It is really fucking bizarre that you have a pregnancy kink."

"I *don't*," he defends even with a very obvious and very angry erection in his pants, voice going up a bit. This is a sore subject for him. "I don't google pregnant people to get off, okay? It's not like that. It's just you, love, I don't know." A big hand reaches out and strokes Stiles' face, gentle. "There's something so sexy about you like this."

"1600 pounds, sweaty, always eating…porn quality," Stiles drawls, sarcastically grinning.

“I can’t explain it,” Derek reaches down and cups Stiles’ pussy from over his jeans, feeling the warmth against his palm. Stiles licks his lips and leans into the touch, rubbing himself against Derek’s hand and wantonly opening his mouth. “I wanna fuck you so hard you go into labor.”

“Oh, my *God*,” Stiles shouts around a hysterical laugh, throwing his head back and shaking with it. Derek says the craziest shit sometimes – and the best thing about anything he says is that he always says it so fucking seriously. Like he really means it. He really wants his dick to be so big and his fucking to be so good that Stiles goes into labor and his babies come out premature. He genuinely is into the thought. “How about I suck you off and you relax?”

Derek is immediately up, on his feet, reaching for his belt buckle. “Yeah, okay,” he breathes hastily, while Stiles adjusts himself on Derek’s bed so he’s sitting right on the edge. He licks his lips, while Derek fists his dick out into the open air, balls and all.

Maybe Derek is big enough to send Stiles into premature labor he thinks as he gazes at it for a moment, cocking his head to the side. He’s seen it hundreds of times by now, of course, but it never really stops being…big. The balls especially. It only stands to reason that Derek knocked him up with twins, honestly, with balls that fucking huge. Derek strokes himself a couple of times, smirking down at Stiles with arrogance. He knows how big it is. He likes it when Stiles looks.

“Want me to pull out one of the bubble gum condoms for this?”

Stiles grimaces. “I think I’ve had about enough of those for a lifetime.”

“Come on,” Derek begs him, wrapping his fingers around Stiles’ jaw and pulling his face in closer to his cock. “Open up, come on.”

He does. He opens and sucks Derek in, as much as he can – what he can’t get in his mouth, bobbing up and down, he uses his hand to stroke. Derek puts his hand in Stiles’ hair, gently pets it affectionately, tilting his head back as he sighs in content through his nose. The only thing Derek likes

nearly as much as getting head is giving head, after all.

When Stiles pulls off to flick his tongue at the head a few times, Derek drops his other hand down and puts it on Stiles' belly. Holds it there, while Stiles works his mouth up and down his shaft – there's something gross about it, really, how into Stiles being pregnant that Derek is.

But then, Stiles gets what it is. It's alpha instinct. Those are his babies. Even if he laughs and shrugs and says it doesn't matter to him, it matters to that carnal and primal instinct inside of him that has a pregnant omega that he made that way underneath him, and it turns him the fuck on to know that he's big and strong and he shoots loaded bullets. It turns him on to know he got an omega pregnant. It's a power thing.

So Stiles allows it. And he doesn't think about it. There's a lot of things, these days, that Stiles just isn't thinking about.

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Derek is late. Stiles must have said a dozen times *three o'clock sharp*, and Derek really has the balls to slide his car along the curb outside of Stiles' house at 3:21, leaning down to leer at Stiles where he's sitting on the front porch steps of his house, glowering. This would've irritated Stiles even if he wasn't seven and a half months pregnant with twins – the way he feels about it now transcends human understanding.

He hefts himself up off the step and comes across the grass, ripping the passenger side door open and plopping into the car. The car jiggles as he does so. He is so big, and that makes him even angrier. "You're late," he accuses, and Derek nods, immediately throwing the car into drive before Stiles has even got his door all the way closed.

"I know, I'm sorry. I almost forgot about this."

Stiles gapes at him. Stares at the side of his face with his jaw hanging open as Derek slows to a crawl at a stop sign. "You – how could you almost forget about this?"

He shrugs. *Shrugs*. He fucking *shrugs*. “I’ve got a lot on my plate, you know?”

“You’ve…you’ve got…” Stiles is almost speechless. He’s fucking aghast. “Derek. I’m 1700 pounds and carrying two living people inside of my body, can barely get out of my bed in the morning, am about to go into finals week, about to graduate, am eating so much I might as well be the fucking ghost guy from Spirited Away, and *you think you’ve got too much on your plate*?”

Stiles’ voice is shrill, crazy. It’s like an out of body experience, screaming at Derek in his nice, fancy car as they cruise along through the neighborhoods to get to the hoidy toidy one on the other side of town, with the mansions and the picket fences and the beautiful architecture. Stiles had mentioned to Derek that he would like going to this neighborhood to meet the future parents of their children because he would get to see all these neat houses. He thought Derek was interested. He fucking guesses he wasn’t.

Derek laughs. He always fucking laughs when Stiles gets crazy like this, and it makes Stiles even crazier. “I’m about to graduate too, you know.”

Stiles looks at him. He stares at him, and stares, the side of his face. He imagines that his own eyes could mystically melt Derek’s skin off of his bones if he tried hard enough. Then, Derek turns to look at him, and they meet eyes. Derek’s are bloodshot, narrowed, and he’s got that dopey look on his face. Oh, no. Oh. My. God.

“Are you *fucking stoned*?”

Like it’s a stupid question to ask, Derek says, “yeah?”

Stiles is overwhelmed with how hurt he feels. It’s like, yeah he’s fucking pissed and yes he’s about to go off the deep end, but mostly, he’s just…so fucking hurt. His feelings are practically bleeding, for Christ’s sakes. “I told you again and again how important this was to me,” he says, voice shaking. He can’t believe this. “And you – you – you show up late saying you *forgot*,

and you're fucking stoned, like you just don't *care*!"

"Oh, right," Derek rolls his eyes, taking the left that takes them onto the correct and final street. The houses are so nice here. Derek barely even looks at them. "So since I'm not screaming and crying at you every other day that must mean I just don't care about things as much as you do."

"You are a fucking asshole," Stiles hisses, whipping his seatbelt off. He can see the house up ahead, and he wants out of this god damn car the second it comes to a stop. "You are such a dick. Everyone was right about you, all my fucking friends."

Derek huffs. "High school bullshit," he mutters, and Stiles could slap him. He wants to, so bad, but that's not who he is, and he's never hit anyone, and he's not about to start with the father of his god damn children.

"Yeah, *asshole*. You fucking impregnated an eighteen-year-old in high school and now you get to deal with it," he cries, and Derek grips the steering wheel hard. "Or, you know what? Maybe you don't. Maybe just fuck off."

"Stiles," Derek says, like he can't believe it. Like Stiles is being so unreasonable. Like Derek doesn't deserve it, when he does.

"No. You're not coming inside," he points to the house, popping the door open and putting one foot outside. It's a big one. It's made of stone, and there's a gate and trees and a big yard and a pool in the back. "You're done and I'm done with you. I can do this by myself."

Stiles starts climbing out, and Derek reaches for him. "Stiles, I'm sorry, Jesus!"

Ripping his arm out of Derek's grip is hard when he's simultaneously trying to heft his giant self up out of the car, but he manages it. He gets out, evades Derek's hands, and leans in with the door hanging open, glowering. "You are so fucking selfish," he accuses, and slams the door behind him.

He's a real mess as he ambles up the lawn to the cobblestone walk that leads up to the front door. He half expects Derek to leap out of the car and chase him and cause a scene in this nice neighborhood and humiliate Stiles even farther, but then, he doesn't.

Derek just drives away. Stiles hates him the most, for that.

With a shaking hand, Stiles runs his hand through his hair and convinces himself he's not upset and he's not going to cry, not in front of these people. The impression he makes on them matters. They're taking his twins away, after all.

Not taking them away. Stiles is giving them away. It's the right thing to do. This entire situation is so, so fucked up, and Stiles is officially all alone in doing it, and he rubs his belly and sniffles as he rings the doorbell.

It's fine, I'm fine. It's fine, I'm fine, it's all fine.

The door opens, and the smell of potpourri and expensive things hits Stiles like a ton of bricks. A smiling face and a pretty dress and a beckoning to come inside, and Stiles curls his hand into a fist and forces a smile onto his face. This house is so big. Stiles has never been in a house so nice before.

This is the home of Sarah and Jacob Peterson, and two whiter people with two whiter names and a whiter house couldn't exist if Stiles made them up from his own head. They drive a Range Rover and wear cotton sweaters and go to a Country Club. They have a liquor cabinet and an entire room dedicated to exercise equipment. They always look moisturized and clean and shiny, like two people out of a magazine ad, and their only problem up to this point has been that Sarah is infertile. Totally and completely infertile. It's like an ice box in there.

Now Stiles is standing here all huge and small at the same time, and she's smiling at him. "Is your boyfriend coming?" She asks, and Stiles has to set his teeth and look away.

"He was never my boyfriend, we just hooked up a bunch," he admits in a

low voice, and this doesn't surprise her. Whatever, she probably thinks. She was 18 once. Maybe she would've gotten accidentally knocked up by a piece of shit, college-aged stoner fuckoff if only her womb wasn't a fucking Antarctic ice shelf. "And no, he's – we had an argument."

"Oh, no," her eyebrows draw in.

"I know. I'm sorry," he rubs at his stomach and bites his lip, hyper focusing on a really nice painting that's hanging in the foyer by the stairs. It's got flowers. "I really wanted you to – I just thought it'd be nice if you met him. He's, uh…he's really tall and good looking and he's super smart. Um," he sniffles, shrugging his shoulders like it doesn't even matter. But it does. "I just really wanted him to come and meet you because these are his babies and maybe I thought he'd care but he doesn't. So."

She is quiet for a moment, assessing him. She chews on her bottom lip as if she's uncomfortable and unsure of what to say, and then she straightens up and puts her hand on his shoulder. "Some alphas are very stupid," she says, matter of fact. Yes. She's certainly right about that. "Why don't you come on and have something to eat, huh? I've got snacks."

"Okay," he agrees, mostly because he's perpetually hungry and food is the only thing that can even rouse him from sleep anymore. They walk, and her heels click on her fine marble floors, and Stiles looks around. There are so many paintings, everywhere. Vases with nice flowers, real ones, and the kitchen has these glass French doors that lead out into the yard with the pool and the patio and all the nice things that only money can get you.

She pours him a glass of fresh orange juice and he drinks it, wondering what it would be like to have grown up here. Someone is going to grow up here, very soon. Two months, and these things come out of him, and then they come here.

It's hard for him to imagine a baby here. There are high chairs still in their boxes leaning up against the wall by the breakfast nook, and Stiles quickly looks away. Thinks about the onesie and the name he had thought of from out of nowhere, and feels ashamed.

Because his filter is shot anyway and he's constantly so emotional he's close to bursting, Stiles pipes up again. "He's just such an asshole," he says, and Sarah puts a bowl of cubed fruit in front of him with a fork. "I told him it was important to me, and he just…fucked off. Like he does everything."

She gestures to the food. Eat it. Stiles does.

As he chews a cube of watermelon, he goes on. "And he acts like I'm so crazy and I'm so young and stupid and like he's – he's – he's got so much more important things going on than I do, and it's like, *what*? What? He's just arrogant and selfish." Selfish, Stiles repeats to himself again and again. Selfish, selfish, selfish.

"You know, Stiles, what I think would really make you feel better?" She grins at him, leaning in close – she has no idea how to make Stiles feel better. She's just uncomfortable and doesn't know how to deal with a half-hysterical pregnant omega in her kitchen. "Why don't you come on up and finally take a look at our nursery."

Stiles doesn't want to do that. He could physically recoil from the idea if he wasn't so hyperaware of how much it would offend her. But she's offered so many times and it's starting to seem weird and suspicious that he refuses, and Derek isn't here like Stiles wanted him to be so he has no one to lean on. Just two strangers, in a mansion, and his twins who won't ever know him. Not even his name.

"Okay," he agrees, soft. "All right, yeah. Let's see it."

Sarah looks so excited and happy at the prospect of showing off all her hard work and spent money, Stiles wishes he wasn't so miserable about it. He stands and she chatters to him as they walk towards the steps and then up them, about how long it took them to choose colors and how they wanted this and that but had to settle for that or those, how she just loves baby name books and how much fun they had picking names and isn't it great and aren't you so big now and wow you're so close they're coming so soon, and Stiles just walks behind her, mute silent.

He wishes Derek hadn't driven away, like that. He's never felt so alone in his life.

Jacob appears in the hallway as they're coming closer to the one closed door at the end of the hall. He looks at Stiles, up and down, and he smiles. "You're growing every day."

"I'm just taking him to see the nursery," Sarah butts in, and Stiles nods and smiles. She sure is. They're both ridiculously attractive and it's sometimes a little staggering to see them put side by side like this – like this much beauty cannot be in the same place at the same time.

"Great," he grins, the movement crinkling his eyes a bit. Stiles wishes he could somehow match this level of excitement.

They go, to that one closed door at the end of the hall. Sarah turns the knob with an excited tittering, pushing it open to reveal a bright, bright room. There are windows that let the sun in just right, pretty yellow curtains. A white, soft carpet that feels like walking on a cloud as they lead him inside and gesture to everything like it's just so incredible.

In a way, it is. There are toys everywhere. Stuffed animals, mobiles, unopened packs of blocks that the babies won't even get to play with until they're just a bit older. Bottles already out, pacifiers lined up on a dresser that is more likely than not overflowing to the brim with clothes, and clothes, and clothes. Yellow walls, two cribs.

Two names, one on each. Brian and Braeden. Stiles hates those names. He hates the alliteration. They're already twins, why do even their *names* need to match?

He stands there, and they're waiting for his reaction. "This is great," he says, practically through his teeth. "It's uh – it's bright."

"Happy," Sarah corrects with a wink. "Happy, happy. It's just how I felt when I was putting it together. So happy," she reaches out and grabs at his hand, and Stiles wants to die. Please don't do this, he thinks, forcing a smile

on his face. *Please don't do this right now when I'm feeling so horrible about myself.* "Because of you, and how strong and brave you are to carry these children to term. Really. For an eighteen-year-old, that's really something special."

Stiles clears his throat. "I just…I don't know."

"You're a good kid," Jacob pats him on the back, and Stiles shrinks and thinks about running away. "You're special, and we're so lucky we found you."

Stiles moves away from their hands and their nice words and goes over to the dresser. There's a toy elephant sitting there, with a smile underneath its trunk, and Stiles picks it up. He just grabs at it, and holds it against his body. The day is going to come, he thinks, when one of his babies holds this and goes to sleep at night, in one of these cribs, in this room. Stiles is standing in this room, right now.

He's here. This is the only time he'll ever be in this room.

"Can I tell you guys something?" He asks, holding the elephant against himself and looking out the window. "I don't want it to freak you out, but I've been thinking it for a while, and I've got no one else to tell it to because no one would understand. I don't have an alpha and my best friend is, you know…just a kid. And my dad…you know. This is a hard topic for him."

He can practically feel them sharing a look with one another behind his head. "Sure, sweetheart, what is it?"

There's a big oak tree outside. Its branches brush up against the window in the late Spring breeze, and Stiles thinks it's beautiful, here. "I get very sad, sometimes. Just…sometimes. And it's like, a big sad. It's a really sad sad that's like yeah, you're doing the right thing. But the right thing sucks."

A big sigh. They might've known Stiles would say some shit like this sometime – or maybe they just knew he felt this way, because who

wouldn't? What omega wouldn't?

"I'm really happy to give you guys my twins. It's gonna be so great here. They're gonna have a great life, and I don't regret handing them over to you, and I likely never will. This was right," he nods to himself, turning around to face them, finally. They're staring at him with owl eyes, blinking and cocking their heads to the side. "Contracts are signed, anyway. But sometimes, you know, I wish I were older. And I wish Derek really liked me or cared about me enough to be *with* me. And I wish I could keep my babies. That's just not how it is," he puts the elephant down. It's not his. "I know you said you'd have liked to keep contact with me or send me pictures and Christmas cards and stuff, but I don't think that's a good idea."

"Okay," Sarah says, stepping forward and reaching out to comfort him. Her voice is soft, like she's talking to a spooked animal. Jacob steps forward too and puts his hand on Stiles' shoulder. "Okay, Stiles. You can always change your mind, you know?"

"Yeah." Yeah. Stiles isn't going to change his mind.

"Everything you said is okay, you know?" She assures him, patting him gently in between his shoulder blades. "It would be amazing if you didn't feel that way. But you do, and it's okay to be sad."

These people are so nice, he thinks to himself, standing in this happy yellow room as they pat at him and assure him it's all okay, it's going to be okay, it's fine. These people are the nicest people he's ever met. His babies are going to be happy here.

Stiles just wants it done and over with. Get them out, he thinks to himself. Get out of me and leave me alone.

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"Hey, Stiles, it's Derek. Uh. Look, I'm really sorry about how I acted yesterday. It was really fucking uncool. I know that. It was shitty that I was late and it was shitty I talked to you like that and I…I don't know why I got

stoned beforehand? I just thought it would calm me down because I just felt weird about going over there to begin with. You know. These random people are going to be taking care of the kids I made with you. It's just a weird situation. I always only thought of it in, uh, abstract before? But then it was reality, and I don't know. I just thought smoking a little…whatever, it doesn't matter. My point is that I –"

"Hey, uh. I think the voicemail cut me off last time. It's Derek again. I'm sorry about yesterday. I shouldn't have said those shit things to you or acted that way or been stoned. I don't want to be uninvolved. I know I can act so blasé sometimes but I care about all this, love. I really do, and I don't want you to shut me out. I'm sorry. Call me back, okay? I'm really sorry."

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"Stiles," Derek's eyes go big when he opens his front door, and there Stiles is. Stiles puckers his lips and isn't sure what to say – he had come here after listening to the voicemails because Derek sounded so sincere and Stiles doesn't want to not talk to him anyway, and…well. Stiles really likes Derek. It may not be mutual, but Stiles really, really likes Derek.

It could be the babies. More likely than not, it's just him. Stiles can live with that.

"Come in. I'm –" he closes the door, and Stiles looks around. Same as always. Smells like weed, and fresh, so Derek is probably a little high right now. Which is to be expected. "We were gonna order Chinese?"

Stiles looks beyond Derek's shoulders and sees the roommates – Isaac and Boyd and one of their girlfriends, packed onto the couch. Boyd says, "holy shit, you're huge."

"Fuck off," Derek shoots at him venomously, and Boyd puts his hands up in surrender. It's whatever, to Stiles. He is huge. Massively huge. Nearly eight months along with twins huge. "Come on back to my room. Where it's *quiet*."

“Are you positive it’s twins and not triplets?” Isaac asks as they walk past the back of the couch, his eyes trailing after Stiles’ belly as it moves along with him. “I’ve never seen an omega so fucking pregnant before.”

Stiles doesn’t grace him with a response. Into Derek’s bedroom they go, and it reeks especially like marijuana in here. There’s still a smokiness about it, too, and Stiles makes a face as he steps inside and Derek steps in along with him. Stiles doesn’t dislike smoking, necessarily, he’s just never seen someone do it as frequently as Derek does. It almost blows Stiles’ mind when he really takes the time to think about it.

Once inside with the door closed, they stare at one another for a moment. Stiles says, “you made me feel really shitty and mad yesterday.”

No wheedling required. Derek instantly apologizes. “I know. I’m really sorry,” he rubs the back of his neck, avoiding eye contact. Deferring alpha status in the argument to Stiles, for just a moment. “I didn’t handle it well.”

“What you said about how I cry and scream every other day really hurt my feelings, too,” he says, and Derek deflates underneath this admission. Like the idea of hurting Stiles’ feelings is the worst possible thing he could imagine. “It’s not my fault I’m hormonal and crazy. I can hear myself being crazy, you don’t need to tell me I’m being fucking crazy.”

“I know,” he reaches out, touches Stiles’ arm. Stiles wishes, sometimes, that he could just fucking read Derek’s mind – why does he do things like that? Like they barely know one another, or he’s just a friend comforting another. They fuck. They talk.

They’re just not together. What’s that even mean?

Stiles doesn’t know what else to say. Derek really hurt him yesterday but he’s apologized and it was all just emotions going crazy anyway, so he doesn’t very much feel like staying angry. He just doesn’t very much feel like staying angry at Derek, in specific. It’s sort of hard to do, if Stiles is being honest with himself. “The babies are coming out soon,” he says, and Derek nods his head. Leans up against his own bedroom wall.

Stiles plops himself down on the edge of Derek's bed, right next to a discarded pair of dirty jeans and an old t-shirt Stiles recognizes as one of Derek's favorites. The bed creeks under his weight. "I really am 1800 pounds."

Derek snorts. "Every time you comment on your weight, that number gets higher."

"The number on the scale gets higher every second of every day," he shoots back, lifting a brow. "I'm only being realistic. 1800 is even undershooting it. You heard what Isaac said."

"Isaac once ate two pot brownies and stayed stoned for four days straight and had to call into work and admit he was fucked out of his skull," Derek rolls his eyes, smirking. "He'd staple his hands to his ass, if he could figure out how. Everything he says is null and void. How was the uh – whoever they are?"

"The Petersons," Stiles says, turning to look out the window. The smile he had on his face when Derek was talking about Isaac fades. "They were okay. Their house is really nice."

"I saw it," Derek agrees. "It's kinda cool, the babies are going to be rich."

Stiles kicks his feet and scuffs them into Derek's carpet. He doesn't want to talk about this – maybe Derek picks up on that hint like he picks up on nearly everything, because he changes the subject.

"Hey, uh, look. I wanted to give you this." He's rubbing at the back of his neck again, bashfully this time, and plucking a specific white envelope out of a stack of papers on his dresser that looks only a single slight breeze away from being knocked all over the floor. As he picks it out, another envelope or two goes crashing down onto the ground but he ignores them, traipsing over his dirty clothes and empty plastic baggies marked with titles of cannabis to hand the envelope in question to Stiles.

He takes it. "What's this?"

Derek licks his lips. “Uh. Invitation to my graduation. I thought maybe since you’re not walking at yours…” for obvious reasons. It would be humiliating and who really wants to see that, anyway? “…you’d wanna come. Or whatever. You don’t have to.”

Picking the card out with two fingers, Stiles appraises it. It’s a nice invitation. It looks very official, with the school logo stamped on with a wax seal, Derek’s name in sweeping script, the son of blah blah and blah blah. Stiles is impressed. And jealous, just a little bit. “Are you kidding me? I’d love to come,” he gently slips the invitation back into its neat envelope and sets it onto Derek’s bedside table, so it won’t get crinkled.

“Okay,” Derek seems bashful, again. “Um. You can bring Scott if you want. There’s a party after at the apartment, too. You should come to that as well.”

“Oh, I’m sure I’ll be a hit, at that shindig,” he leans back against Derek’s pillows, heaving out a tired sigh that’s mostly as a result of just carrying his big fat body around all day long. “No alcohol, no smoking – just snacks.”

Derek sits next to him on the bed, facing him directly. He licks his lips, and Stiles wonders if he’s thinking about kissing him. They don’t really kiss, a lot. They fuck and touch one another and talk, but they don’t kiss *a lot*. Sometimes, yes. Not very often. Stiles wants to kiss him right now, but Derek just reaches down and gets underneath Stiles’ shirt, poking at his belly again like he’s always doing.

“I swear they know when you’re with me,” he says, giving Stiles a lazy, tired grin. “They, like, react to my presence. They know their father is in the room. Isn’t that crazy?”

Stiles stares at him. He stares, and he stares – at the mostly bored smile, the carefree way he pokes and feels around Stiles’ belly as the babies kick and squirm inside of him like they’re trying to reach out and meet their dad, the hazy set to his eyes. “How can you just say things like that?” Stiles asks.

Derek stops. Cocks his head to the side. “Things like what?”

“Like – how they love you already. Or how they know it’s you or…any of that stuff you say around them.”

He shrugs. “It’s true. They always start stirring once I’m in a room with you –“

“The point isn’t whether or not it’s *true*, Derek,” Stiles shoves Derek’s hands off of him aggressively, and Derek is stoned and malleable, so he just lets it happen with a puzzled expression on his face. “The point is that it’s weird how you can just say shit like that and then not care that I’m giving them away.”

Silence. Stiles’ heart beating. Derek staring at the side of his face. It may be taking him a second or two to catch up with what Stiles is talking about, or maybe he’s just mystified as to why Stiles is freaking out all over again. He’s freaking out most days lately, so it really shouldn’t surprise him. He says, “what gives you the impression that I just don’t care?”

Stiles laughs, shaking his head. “You don’t care, dude. You just don’t. You laugh and get high and screw around with them and fuck me and you just don’t care about any of it.”

“Maybe I just don’t want to upset you,” he snaps, angry, and Stiles closes his mouth. It’s not funny anymore. “Those are my babies. I fucked them into you.”

Stiles looks away, color rising to his cheeks.

“I act nonchalant. You should know me better by now.”

The thing is, they should both know each other very well, by now. But they’re always holding back. Arm’s length, they keep one another. They do that. They pull in close, close, close, only to push away the second things start getting too hard. Stiles has already committed himself to the knowledge that he and Derek are never really going to be together, even to the knowledge that once these babies are gone and out of them, they won’t have any reason to keep talking to one another anymore.

Two more months is all they've got. And it may even be less than that.

"Come on, baby," he says, nudging Stiles in the arm and standing. "I'll walk you down to your car. You're tired and fussy."

He holds his hand out for Stiles to take. They've never held hands before – Stiles wants to take it and not let go. But after he's up and off the bed, he lets go immediately, dropping his own down to his side and lowering his eyes down to the floor.

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"Oh, Jesus Christ, here they come," Stiles says to Scott, squeezing his hand and holding on for dear fucking life. "How do I look?"

Scott looks at him, up and down. "Incredibly pregnant."

"That's as good as it's going to get," he mutters, looking anxiously over his shoulder while simultaneously trying to look very casual about it. Emerging from the crowd is the huge and unmistakable form of Derek, who has just graduated college and is now sans cap but still in the gown – unzipped and flowing. It looks bizarrely good on him. Purple, is what color it is. Stiles thought it was sexy. A purple graduation gown is now getting him hot. He's at rock bottom in terms of his pregnancy – he's constantly horny, sweaty, hungry, and in need of a bathroom to piss in.

Stiles runs a hand through his hair one last time and makes himself look even more pregnant, if that were possible. Hand on his belly, where he feels a slight kick against his palm the closer that Derek gets, leaning back a bit because it really does take a lot out of him to have to stand for long periods of time when he's got this much extra weight on him, a shy smile on his face.

Derek's parents are in tow. Stiles' only hope for getting them to like him is if they realize or manage to give a fuck about the fact that Stiles has got Hale offspring inside of his body right now as they speak – even if he is giving them away. It doesn't matter. They should like him. Right?

“This is Stiles,” Derek says once they’re within hearing distance, and two pairs of steel gray eyes land on Stiles, examine him like he’s a specimen in a lab. Derek’s mother is tall and bony, with a pretty but severe face and a perfectly pressed black dress. His father is huge. Like, one of the largest alphas Stiles has ever seen in his entire life. Looming, scary, and with a face that suggests he was never hugged as a child and so now he doesn’t hug his own children either. Stiles sticks his hand out tentatively.

“Nice to meet you,” he says, and Derek’s mom reaches out first. She has a tight smile on her face. She is not happy about this, but she’s at least polite enough to pretend.

“And you, too. I’ve heard about you.” Oh. Stiles blinks at her and isn’t sure what to say to that. Heard what about him, Stiles wonders? That he exists? That he’s an omega slut who seduced her son into procreating evil, sinful spawns? “You look very pregnant.”

Stiles sighs. Flicks his eyes to Derek’s father – who apparently is going to pretend like Stiles doesn’t exist. No acknowledgment whatsoever.

“Eight months,” he says, patting his belly for emphasis. “I can’t wait to shoot these things out of me so I can have some caffeine, for starters.”

She smiles at him. Tight, and a bit unkind. “Well,” is all she says, and then she takes her husband’s arm and looks right at Derek. “We better get going. It was a nice ceremony. Spend your check wisely.”

Derek doesn’t hug them goodbye, or anything. He just nods and they leave him, the whole little gaggle over here, without another word. Scott whistles low and amazed from his spot still sitting down next to where Stiles is standing in the middle of the aisle. “That was…weird.”

“I’ve never felt more, like, genuinely despised in my entire life,” Stiles blinks, unsure if that really just happened to him. “Your father looked like he wanted to punch the babies out of me.”

Derek grimaces a half smile. “They’re really shitty,” is what he says, like

that's all he has to say on the matter. "You wanted to meet them. I was trying to shield you – but your wish is my command. Now you know."

"Now I know," Stiles repeats, looking down at himself. He can't see his feet, at this point. He's just a bubble, a pregnant bubble. A young, cute omega with two babies inside of him, rosy cheeks, nicely done hair – it takes a really frigid person to just take all that in and decide to hate it, for no reason whatsoever other than personal biases. Stiles wonders what Derek's childhood was like. He has never once mentioned it, barely mentions his parents at all except to say that they have money.

Not very warm and fuzzy, Stiles is going to guess. Not very warm and fuzzy, at all.

"Purple is nice on you," Stiles says, changing the subject with a smile. "I think you should wear it more. Royal purple. It looks really, really good."

Derek looks at him. Up and down. That look. You know. Stiles can't believe Derek can look at him like that when Stiles is 2100 pounds, but he does, all the same. Either the babies are sending those *we love daddy!!* vibes all the way up through Stiles' throat to his brain, or Stiles is horny just because. Either way, Stiles thinks about fucking him. Right then and there. Telling Scott to go find a ride home, taking Derek into the nearest closet or random hallway, and fucking him.

Derek clears his throat. "Are you coming to my party?"

"For a minute. I have a ten o'clock bedtime now," he smiles and Derek smiles back, like he thinks it's cute. "I wouldn't miss it, though."

Derek reaches out and pats Stiles on the arm, that way he does. Like they're bros or something. Or like Stiles just gets high with him and sucks his cock sometimes, like the olden days. Ah, the early days of Stiles and Derek… what Stiles wouldn't give to go back to those, sometimes. All sex and weed and summer time. No babies. None of this.

None of this *pat pat bro* bullshit. Why does Derek do that, he wonders, for

the zillionth time.

Why does he *do that*?

At the party, Stiles actually is a big hit. The crowd is mostly just Derek's college friends who either didn't throw their own parties or are in another year – there's so much liquor the room is practically an ocean of it, the stench of marijuana and cigarette smoke clouding everything like a pall, and it's . Like, windows rattling, floor shaking, about to get the cops called, *loud*.

Everyone likes Stiles, because most people do like a heavily pregnant omega. They come over and touch his belly and ask him when he's due (June 12th), if he's nervous (yes), if he and Derek really and actually used flavored .2 cent condoms from Costco (yes), if he's feeling okay (tired, but yes.) Everyone seems to also know that Stiles is not keeping these babies. Derek must be a chatterbox, or he made it a point to let everyone know before Stiles arrived what the dealio was so that Stiles wouldn't get nervous or embarrassed having to admit it himself.

Derek has a couple of beers, but mostly he just smokes weed out of a bong he concocts from an old Arizona iced tea can, tracking Stiles with his eyes as if checking to make sure he and the babies are okay every five seconds. Stiles drinks iced tea and makes small talk for as long as he can, eyes drooping, and then he has to retire.

To Derek's bedroom, at least, is as far as he makes it. It was proclaimed off limits as soon as the party started, along with Isaac and Boyd's bedrooms as well, so Stiles just slips in through the closed door and shuts it behind him, so the party is muffled and distant. He sighs heavily and puts his tea down on Derek's dresser, as messy and cluttered as always, resting his hands on his belly and absentmindedly patting at it a bit.

He slips his shoes off and unzips from his sweatshirt, leaving himself in just his t-shirt and jeans, and climbs up into Derek's bed. Sits criss cross in the middle and pokes around on his phone for a while, rubbing at his sleepy eyes.

It's not ten minutes after he's come in here that the door opens, and then shuts quickly, and Derek is in here with him. He is very, very blazed. Like…eyes almost shut he's so stoned and tipsy at the same time. "Hiding in here?" He asks.

"I was going to nap."

"A nap after ten o'clock is just going to bed," Derek toes his own shoes off. Climbs into bed beside Stiles reeking of cigarette smoke and marijuana and beer. He's radiating contentment, nearly buzzing with it. The babies are bouncing off the walls, *daddy daddy daddy*, and Stiles sighs through his nose. His heart thump-thumps. Derek is so close. "Mmmm…" he leans in, pressing his nose to Stiles' neck. "You smell like mine."

Stiles' heart freezes. Seizes in his chest. Derek's never said something like that before. "What?"

A big hand comes out to run up and down Stiles' arm, fingers slow and calculating. It sends shivers up and down Stiles' spine. "Your body. I'm inside of you. Have you thought of it like that yet?"

"I…" Stiles swallows. "I mean…"

"It's crazy how I shoved my dick inside of you and fucked my come into you…and then I made two little people in you and now I'm just like, in there." He is so fucking high. Stiles looks at him and isn't sure what he's supposed to say to this idiot right about now. "You smell like me, because I'm in you. I'm all over you."

"Yeah," Stiles rasps, looking down at his phone. He pretends there's something interesting happening there, as his heart pounds in his chest.

"Hey," Derek nearly whispers it. Stiles turns. Their faces are close. They kiss. Slowly, at first, just their lips pecking and Derek's tongue gently sliding across Stiles' teeth. Then, deeper. Harder. Derek gripping the back of Stiles' head and pushing them closer, closing their eyes, Derek putting his hand on Stiles, and then both hands, and Stiles shuddering and panting

through his nose. Derek is finished, for just a second. “You taste like summertime up here,” he points to Stiles’ mouth. Then down to his crotch. “Down there, too.”

“You’ve never mentioned what my pussy tastes like,” Stiles raises a brow, his heart hammering still. This is insane. Derek is being so affectionate with him. “I assumed Pepsi-Cola.”

“It’s like, you know. It tastes like pussy,” he shrugs, “but there’s a distinct *you* taste. And it’s like…sweet. You know?”

Stiles shakes his head. “Never eaten one before. I’ve only ever had *your* dick in my mouth, and it tastes like skin and salt. Not much to report. So no, I don’t know.”

“You don’t know,” Derek repeats back to him, lips quirking. “You don’t know, you don’t know.”

Peering at him a bit critically, Stiles bites his lip. “Are you doing okay? Like…are you really fucked?”

“I’m so fucking high,” he grins, putting his hand on Stiles’ thigh. Right there. Stiles likes that spot. Derek knows it. “I’m not drunk or anything. Alcohol sucks. I just wanna be stoned and be with you.”

Stiles feels…nervous. He feels like Derek is touching him and like Stiles likes it too much and like there’s something distinctly different about this time from the other times. Like, Derek and Stiles have fucked so many times, have touched so many times, this that and the other thing. But Derek has never said shit like *I just wanna be with you* or *you smell like mine* or *I like how your pussy tastes*.

He bites his finger. “I’m gonna text my dad and tell him I’m sleeping over here, is that okay?”

Derek reaches his hand down and fingers along the seam in Stiles’ jeans that’s hugging his crotch. Stiles inhales a deep breath and whimpers,

grabbing at Derek's wrist because that…yeah. Okay. "Yeah, do that."

"Okay," Stiles breathes. Derek's fingers rake up and down that spot, again and again, while Stiles' own fingers hastily tap in a message about being exhausted and crashing in Derek's bed as the party winds down, see you in the morning. By the time he's putting his phone aside, Derek is undoing Stiles' jeans and sliding them down his legs. Stiles has got on his nice omega panties – masculine and feminine in equal amounts – maybe because as he was dressing he could sense that he and Derek were going to fuck around tonight.

Not like this. He couldn't have predicted this one, the way Derek is looking at him. But he figured…something.

"Lay back," Derek says. Stiles shakes a bit and does as he's asked, leaning back onto the pillows and opening his legs. Derek looms over him, caressing his bare legs a bit as Stiles looks up and swallows and his breath hitches.

"Why're you looking at me like that?" Derek asks, mouth twitching into a bit of a smile. He pulls his shirt up and over his head, revealing his perfectly toned, broad chest to Stiles' hungry eyes.

"Like what?"

"Like that."

"Like this?"

"Like you're nervous about what I'm gonna do to you," Derek shucks Stiles' shirt up, so his stomach is out, so the babies kick against his hand. "I'm just going to make you say my name, love."

"There's a lot of people out*ssiddee*," Stiles' voice goes thin at the first long swipe of Derek's broad tongue against Stiles' panty-clad crotch. He laps at the satin fabric hungrily, while Stiles' legs shake and he worries about someone hearing him. The sound it makes is sick, almost – Stiles' slick and

wet all pooling there against the fabric, now alongside all of Derek's saliva the more he goes at it, so the fabric itself is soaked and making a tacky noise with every pass of Derek's enthusiastic tongue.

He pulls up. His mouth is wet. Oh, that's gross, but it isn't at the same time. So what? "The best thing about you being pregnant," Derek starts, tugging Stiles' panties off and down his legs. They leave a thin trail of something wet against one of his legs, but Stiles doesn't care. "…is getting to fuck you without a condom."

"You don't mean that," Stiles grins at him, lifting a brow. "The best part about me being pregnant is that everyone caters to me all the time."

"Mmmhmm," Derek undoes his pants. Takes them off. His cock is big and menacing and hard – when he comes close and knees his way in between Stiles' legs, slapping the thing against Stiles' crotch a couple of times, it looks so harsh next to Stiles' genitals. Like Stiles is all shaven and pink and pretty down there, and then Derek is hairy and angry and red and *ready*. He pumps it a couple of times with his hand, grinning and looking down at Stiles.

"Are you gonna do it?" Stiles demands.

"Thinking about it," he answers, running a finger through Stiles' slick and then rubbing that same stuff onto his cock.

"I don't want anyone to hear me," he voices his concern out loud and Derek lines up with Stiles' hole, pressing the head against it, just about to slide inside. "What if someone walks in?"

"I locked the door," Derek assures him. "Just be quiet. You can do that."

He pushes in. Stiles hitches up and whimpers, because he's so big, still, even after all this time. When they used to fuck, Derek would always completely cover him – loom over him and fuck him while biting his neck or licking his face or saying nasty things into his ear. Now, with Stiles' belly, he can't really do that. So he settles for hitching Stiles' legs up

around his hips and using them to set a steady pace – fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, while Stiles closes his eyes and drops his mouth open around quiet hiccups.

Derek is good at doing that thing that so many alphas are shit at; or, so Stiles has read. He rolls his hips, or he angles himself just right, or he does both at the same time, instead of just pistoning in and out like an idiot. It feels good. It always feels good.

"So fucking wet," Derek grunts, picking up the pace a bit. "So warm, oh *fuck*…"

Stiles nods and reaches out, touches Derek's chest. His fingers bounce against it as Derek moves, again and again, and Stiles tweaks his nipple a bit just to do it. Derek hisses a laugh and bats it away, but Stiles just goes back and does it again for another reaction.

At one point, Derek hits Stiles' sweet spot and Stiles cries out before he can stop himself. He immediately slaps his hand over his mouth, color rising to his cheeks as he thinks of all the people who might've just heard him – but Derek doesn't seem to notice or mind. He says, "that's the spot?"

Stiles nods, still covering his mouth.

Derek hits it again. Stiles sees stars and can't help another squeal, muffled by his palm. "Too much?" He hits it again. And again. Stiles is shaking and biting his hand, the pleasure so much it has a taste to it. It's only a few more times until Stiles comes, clenching on Derek's cock hard and half-screaming behind his hand, entire body shuddering as he comes down from the high. Derek puts his hands on Stiles' stomach for leverage as he finishes himself off, pumping in and out of Stiles' spent body with abandon, until he comes and flops still.

He pants. Stiles pants. "Oh fuck," Stiles says, looking at the ceiling. "That was…"

"Yeah," Derek agrees, and then he looks down at meets Stiles' eyes. "Move with me."

“Hmm?” Stiles doesn’t get it. Derek starts sort of angling his body, so he’s about to flop down onto the bed beside Stiles but on his own side – without taking his cock out of Stiles’ body. Stiles has to turn onto his own side too, so they’re facing one another, legs tangled up together, to keep Derek inside of him, still. Stiles’ belly and Derek’s babies press against Derek’s own chest, and Derek puts his hands on it.

They kiss, again. “Have I told you how beautiful you are, like this?”

“You’ve said some placating bullshit to me, yes.”

“No,” Derek shakes his head, a thin smile lighting up his face. It seems, sometimes, like Derek only ever looks at Stiles like that. No one else. Just him. “You have never been more attractive to me than you are like this. Full of me.”

Stiles blushes and can’t meet his eyes. It’s so…honest. And Stiles doesn’t know what to say to it, so he just kind of hides his face in Derek’s neck and burrows there.

“Um,” Stiles finally pipes up after a couple of minutes of silence. He swallows hard, and Derek kisses his temple as if to ask him to keep talking. “…what are uh. What’s…” …what are we doing, he wants to ask. What are we? What do you want? What are we going to do when these babies are gone? What do you want from me? What do you want me to do? What do you want me to say? Do you love me?

The fucked up part? Stiles thinks he loves Derek. And, yes, of course, the twins are always hormonally convincing him of that fact, but Stiles can tell the difference between them going haywire because daddy is close and what Stiles personally feels.

It makes him want to cry. Because he’s sure, almost positive, that once these twins are out of him and they learn to forget that Derek was their father, Derek won’t think Stiles is that great anymore. He said it himself – Stiles is his best when he’s pregnant with Derek’s kids.

When he's not? Stiles is just that omega again. Who comes over and is easy pussy and laughs at Derek's jokes and then leaves and doesn't get attached.

"…what's your plan for my due date?" He settles on, not taking his face out of Derek's neck.

Derek hums. "It could happen any time, I guess. Call and I'll come."

Call, and he'll come. And then what?

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When Stiles does go into labor, it doesn't exactly go as planned.

He's home alone on a Wednesday, June 2nd, eating macaroni and cheese out of the pot he cooked it in. Parked on the couch watching Judge Judy in his comfy pants, basking in the closest seat to the air conditioner. He's been having contractions on and off for a couple of days now, but his doctor (the one that Sarah and Jacob force him to go to on a bi-weekly basis) had said that it was normal, and doesn't mean anything other than he's close. They haven't been bad. Short bursts of discomfort he can deal with, never lasting more than he can take. Woke him up a couple of times, but it's easy to fall back asleep when exhaustion is constant.

He brings a forkful of mac to his mouth, and then drops the fork into the pot with a resounding clatter. "Ow," he says out loud, hand dropping to his stomach. He waits a moment, licking his lips – another one comes, worse than the one before it, and Stiles nearly drops the food on the ground.

He picks up his phone with a shaky hand and checks the time. Waits. Waits. Only five minutes go by, and then another one comes. Worst one yet. Stiles cringes and writhes a bit on the couch, gripping onto a pillow with his teeth clenched. Five minutes apart. That's it.

Hastily, as soon as he's physically able, he gets up. There's a bag with his things in it in the hall closet. He ambles his way over there, wiping a bead of sweat off his brow. This time of day, Sarah and Jacob are both at work

still – he figures he can call (or someone can) and leave a message or get in touch with them when he's actually close to being…done.

He opens up the closet door as he presses the phone to his ear after calling his father. The phone rings, and rings, and Stiles rolls his eyes when he gets the voicemail. Of course. Then, he goes to Scott. Another no answer.

Stiles pulls his bag out of the closet and then doubles over in pain as another contraction hits him. It nearly knocks him over it's so strong. His water breaks, and he gasps and shakes a little because it's scary and weird and he's wet and his clothes are wet and it hits him, just like that.

He's going into labor. He is going to have babies. They are going to come out of him. He is going to have to push them out of his body. And he doesn't get to say he's too scared to do it or that he doesn't think that he can – oh no. He's fucking doing it. Whether he wants to or not.

Hastily, he's going to Derek in his contacts. The sure thing. Derek always answers. Derek is going to answer and say *Stiles* the same way he always does, just like a normal day and not the scariest day or the most painful day or anything, and Stiles will calm down. Derek is good at calming Stiles down because he's fucking stoned all the time and he's calm and so Stiles calms as, like, a side effect of Derek being calm. It's fine. The phone rings, only once.

Goes straight to voicemail.

Stiles sees red around the edges of his vision with rage, thinking that Derek had just hit the *fuck you* button on him. And then he remembers that it's Wednesday June 2nd at around four o'clock in the afternoon.

Derek is at his paid internship. He turns his phone off when he's at work. He's not going to be done until seven o'clock, at the absolute earliest.

His father didn't answer. Scott didn't answer. And now Derek.

He freaks out. There's this good five minutes where he's just standing there

in his own broken water juices, crying, battling off another contraction, freaking the fuck out. This isn't how it was supposed to go. Derek was supposed to answer. He was supposed to come and drive Stiles to the hospital. He was supposed to be here.

Now, Stiles is going to the hospital and Derek isn't even going to be there for…hours. Hours. Hours. HOURS.

Stiles cries, but he picks up his bag and staggers into the hall. He needs to change his pants. That is an easy, simple thing to focus on. Just putting new pants on. There are clean pants in his bag. He had anticipated this. He packed pants. He was smart. He prepared. Just because Derek isn't here that doesn't mean he's screwed.

He just really wants Derek to be here. He cries as he shimmies pants up his legs and calls Sarah at the exact same time. She answers on the second ring, her cheery voice a radical juxtaposition to Stiles sobbing with only one pant leg on. "I need you to drive me to the hospital," he says.

"Oh, my God," she shouts at him, and Stiles winces and gets his pants on all the way. "Is it happening?"

"Yes," he snaps, irritable. Another contraction comes, a little less far apart than the others – and it hurts. He grits his teeth. "Please come get me."

"Oh, my God. Okay. It's happening. All right. Holy – okay. I'm just…"

"Please, oh my God, now," he folds into the couch, doubling over with his head in the pillows. "Please, now."

"Yes, I'm coming. I'm coming right now. Just sit tight. Ten minutes."

Not ten minutes. Now. Teleportation. He wants to be in the hospital bed, with the epidural, high as a kite, Derek holding his hand. That's what he fucking wants. Not in ten minutes. Not in five minutes, even. Now.

By the time he's at the hospital and being wheeled around on a bed, it's been twenty minutes, and Derek still isn't answering his phone. Stiles is

upset and yelling at nurses and, at one point, throws a water bottle at someone when they try to suggest he takes a deep breath. The water isn't capped, and it spews all over the place while nurses scatter and Stiles' growls at everyone to leave him alone.

He doesn't want any of these people. He wants Derek. It doesn't matter, they say, they're putting him under. Under means absolutely nothing to him. Under, under, under. Like, under drugs? Yes, to the drugs. All of them. Every drug in this hospital, inside of him, now. He can't push two alphas out of his body (and he's decided they're alphas – they must be, how big they are) without all the drugs the universe itself has to offer.

Or without Derek. He voices this concern to a doctor who's doing something with a needle.

"I'm not doing this, I won't do it," he says, hasty, crying and sweating and gritting his teeth through a wave of pain so awful he can't believe he can even stay sitting up right. "Derek needs to be here. I won't do it without him, he said he'd be here, and he's not, so that means I'm not doing it."

"Okay," he says. Stiles recognizes that tone. It's the tone people use when omegas are being hysterical. Maybe he is being hysterical. He doesn't care.

They put him under. And *under*, under. By the time he's blacking out, for realsies, Derek still isn't there.

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Stiles comes to. There are bright lights and beeping sounds and his body… feels separate from himself. He might still be on drugs. Oh, boy, he definitely is. Everything sort of comes to him in bits, and pieces, and fragments. He is in the hospital because he went into labor. He was given drugs because of the labor. He's all fucked up because of drugs, and he blinks at the ceiling and his head pounds and his body…is only half there.

He can't remember being in labor. He doesn't remember pushing. He doesn't remember hearing any crying or doing anything or even being in

the room at all when it must have happened. Did it even happen?

He sits up, all the way, as best as he can. A nurse is there, instantly, looming over him and gently shh'ing him and setting him back against the pillows. "My babies," he says, voice raspy and ripped apart. "Are they – are they –"

"They're great," she promises, smiling at him with all her teeth.

"Oh," he breathes, and he reaches down and he doesn't feel a huge belly anymore. It's just…gone. No more babies in him. Gone. "Oh, where? Where are my babies?"

"Right here," she says, gesturing. And then there they are.

It's weird. Stiles never really hears it talked about, in shows or movies or books or from women or other omegas. But it's the weirdest thing Stiles can imagine, the weirdest thing he's ever been through. Because for nine months, those things inside him went through so many phases in terms of what Stiles would think about them. First, it was just one, and it was an it. And it was ruining Stiles' life. And then it was a baby, and Stiles cried and didn't know what to do. Then it was something to make money off of and something that Stiles resented. Then it was two babies. Then it was Sarah and Jacob's babies. Then it was Derek always putting his hands there, and the babies kicking, and how much love they shot out towards him, and how much Stiles caressed his stomach and thought about how they were in there, but he never…thought of what they looked like.

And now here they are. Real. Tangible. Stiles reaches out with weak arms, immediately sobbing. "Oh, my God," he whispers, as the nurse gleefully wheels over one of those plexi-cribs he thought only existed in television shows. There are two babies in there, and not just any two babies.

They've been in Stiles for nine months. Those are his babies. Those are his. They're so small and scrunchy and they're wearing little hats because it's so cold being so small, and Stiles sobs. "Oh, my babies. Please, can I?" He reaches. The nurse abides. She picks up one, gently cooing to him as she

cradles him and deposits him in Stiles' arm.

"Hi," he says, voice broken up. "Oh, my god. Hi. You're here. Hi. The other, please?"

Again, she cradles the other twin, smiling as she brings him in close so Stiles can touch him. They have such small hands. Both of them reach out for him even with their eyes still closed, because their mother is here. They know him. They just instinctually know. He can't stop crying, he can't believe this is happening. He didn't know it was going to be like this.

"They're so beautiful. Don't you think so?" He asks the nurse, who nods and voices her agreement. Stiles barely hears what she says – he doesn't care what she thinks. They are beautiful. They're…Stiles can't describe it.

"This little guy," she points to the one in Stiles' arms – Benjamin, Stiles had decided the second he landed in his arms. This one is Benjamin. "… was born first. Two minutes before his brother. They both came right out crying, just perfect. Perfect health. No problems. Two beautiful, healthy, alpha boys."

"Yeah," Stiles cries, nodding. "I knew they were alphas, I could tell. Look at them. Just like their – oh my God." He pauses, holding onto Benjamin a little tightly in his arms. "Where's – is Derek here? Where's their father? Is he –"

"Right there," she uses her head to point to Derek with Jasper still in her arms, and there he is. Passed out asleep in a chair, slumped over, dead to the world. Stiles wonders how long he's been here, like that – it cannot be comfortable. Not in the least bit.

Stiles has never been so happy to see an alpha in all his living days. He cries, happy, and calls Derek's name. "Derek," he says, and then louder. "Derek, wake up."

Derek stirs. Snuffles out one last snore and then blinks awake. He makes a face as he comes to, like he slept in an awful position and not for very long,

and now has some horrible crick in his neck, shifting with a grating sound of his jeans against the uncomfortable fabric of the chair.

“Derek,” Stiles repeats his name, and Derek looks at him. Smiles, tired but huge all the same.

“Hey,” he rasps, standing immediately and stretching. The motion rucks his shirt up, so Stiles sees his belly button – and Stiles is so fond of him, right now. Drugged up and cradling one of their babies, he cries harder. “I’m so sorry I wasn’t here, I was stupid to have been turning my phone off this close to your date –“

“Oh, I don’t care now,” he waves it off, drawling and slurring his words a bit. He is really still on drugs, and the fact that he’s euphorically happy to have his babies with him and their father here as well likely isn’t helping him think very clearly. “Look at them.”

“Yeah,” he says. He doesn’t look nearly as enthused as Stiles. Stiles can only wonder if he’s had much of a chance to really think about who they are yet – his babies. It’s not the same for alphas, he reasons. He just needs to hold one. “They’re really something.”

“Take Jasper,” he commands, softly. Derek stares at him blankly for a moment, and the nurse bites her lip. They share a look. “Take him. He’s yours.”

Derek swallows. The sound is thick and the movement is slow. Benjamin stirs in Stiles’ arms, reaching a tiny little hand out towards his father with a small cry. Why’s Derek ignoring them? “I don’t think I…I don’t need to get too close.”

“What?”

Jasper cries. One loud little squawk, because a stranger is holding him and not his mother or his father, and he doesn’t get why. “Jesus, Derek, he wants you to hold him.”

Derek physically moves away. Puts his hands up. “Stiles, I don’t think I should…make a connection with them.”

“What are you talking about?”

“This is normal,” the nurse is saying to Derek, who’s got this wide-eyed, deer in the headlights look. “The drugs and the euphoric state often cloud the memory and the judgment of omegas. It’s okay. He’ll be fine when he sleeps it all off.”

“It’s not okay,” Stiles snaps at her, and she just looks at him like his ire is nothing to her. Like he’s just being silly, anyway. “Tell me why you don’t want to touch your own children.”

“Stiles,” the name comes out slow, precise. “…you are the one who told me that it’s best if I don’t hold them. Remember? Alphas connect that way with their children. You’re different. You remember reading that.”

Stiles doesn’t care to remember. He reaches a single finger out and Benjamin curls his tiny fist around it, face all scrunched. Stiles’ heart hammers in his chest, so much love pouring out of him it’s a wonder one person could feel that much.

“Maybe we should hurry up and separate them,” Derek suggests, voice low. The nurse sighs through her nose and looks down at Jasper with a frown on her face. Jasper wants his father. She doesn’t move to bring him to Derek – instead, she moves back to the plexi-crib, the one like from television, and sets him down.

“Why are you putting him down?” Stiles demands, eyebrows coming together. “I haven’t gotten to hold him yet.”

“Stiles,” Derek puts his hand on Stiles’ shoulder. “I know you’re really, really confused right now…”

“I want to hold my baby,” he talks over Derek’s bizarrely condescending tone.

"…Sarah and Jacob are coming back in the morning and everything is going to be finalized, so maybe it's best if…"

"Oh, I'm not doing that," he shakes his head. Instant. Ha ha, no. No we're not doing that. Not anymore. He doesn't even consider it. "I'm not doing that. Are you kidding?"

Derek looks at him.

The nurse says, "this is normal," again, like it's supposed to help anyone.

"You signed a legal contract," Derek says this carefully, like he's delivering a death blow.

"I don't care," he shakes his head, holding Benjamin tight and close against his body. "These are my children, they came out of me, they're mine."

"He's on lots and lots of drugs," the nurse is still talking, like Stiles isn't talking at all. It's like he's not even here. No one's listening to him. She reaches out, hands moving towards Benjamin, and Stiles recoils viciously.

"What are you doing?" He demands, snarling. "What's she doing? Derek?"

"Stiles," gentle, gentle. "Stiles. Just let her –"

She reaches again. Stiles practically snaps his teeth at her. "Stop trying to take him away from me, why's she trying to take him away from me? *Derek*?"

"Just calm down," Derek is reaching for Benjamin, now, too. They're both talking to him like he's crazy or stupid or like he's out of his mind, and reaching to take his baby away from him. Jasper is crying in the background. They're tormenting his newborn children.

"Don't *take my baby*," he screams, and then Derek has got his big, stronger, alpha hands on him. Holding him down. "Don't take my babies away, why are you – stop – let me go – no, no, no, not my – not my…"

Benjamin is out of his arms and Stiles screams. Screams, and screams, and his babies cry. He's so weak and he can't fight Derek's big hands on him, and this is like a nightmare. Everything is so hazy and he's sobbing, and Derek is talking to him but Stiles doesn't understand anything – he just sees his babies. The nurse is wheeling them away and Stiles weeps, and weeps, reaching out as best as he can towards them as they get taken away from him.

"I don't want to give them up," he wails, trying to shimmy out of Derek's grip to chase his children down the hallway. "Not my babies, don't make me, please. Not my – my…"

"I know," Derek says, soft. He sounds miserable. Like this is a nightmare for him, too. "I know. Let's – come on. Let's sleep. Everything will be okay in the morning. You can see them in the morning."

"Why wouldn't you even touch them?"

Derek pinches the bridge of his nose. He looks so exhausted. "I will tomorrow. How about that? They're just going down the hall to be looked at, and then tomorrow, I'll hold them."

Stiles looks at him. "Okay," he decides, suspicious but accepting.

"You're exhausted," he accuses of Stiles, pushing hair away from his forehead. "Come on. Sleep. And then tomorrow, we'll see – we'll see uh…"

"Jasper and Benjamin."

"Yeah. We'll see…we'll see Jasper and Benjamin again." He says the names like it hurts him, somehow, to do so. "Everything will be better in the morning."

Stiles grabs at Derek's hands, both at once, clasping them. "Did you see how they recognized us instantly? That instinctual thing?"

Derek's jaw works. He looks so, so, beaten down. "Yeah," he rasps. "Every

time I moved they'd cry and reach for me."

"You could've held them," Stiles snaps, angry at him for being so cold. "I'm not giving them to those people, so it doesn't matter."

A long, long suffering sigh. "Come on. Let's sleep."

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Stiles sits on the edge of his bed. They said he shouldn't be sitting up but he couldn't just lie there, and he hates hospitals, and he hates being here, and he's so exhausted even though he's slept for what feels like days, and days. He dangles his feet off the edge and stares. He kicks his legs. He looks at Derek.

Derek won't look him in the face. He has his hand over his mouth and he's staring at the clock on the wall. Stiles looks at the side of his face and his lower lip wobbles. He is so tired. They are both so tired. And Stiles feels sorry for Derek and sorry for himself and sorry. Sorry, sorry, sorry.

He didn't know any better. Or, no. He did. He does know better, even now. The right choice then is the right choice now, and he knows that. Derek is a stoner idiot and they didn't do anything to get ready for these babies because they were never going to keep them. Stiles doesn't even know how to put a diaper on a baby. He doesn't even know how to make a bottle. He did no reading. He was never going to keep those babies.

Sarah and Jacob have done everything to prepare. There's a nursery and cribs and all those parenting and mommy books, and Jacob can diaper anything. Once, when Stiles came over to have dinner with them, he demonstrated on things. A throw pillow, a basketball, their dog, and Stiles laughed and clapped because Jacob is funny and charming and he cares so much about those babies. Stiles promised them these babies.

They tried for six years. They waited for six years. They thanked Stiles and God for gifting them these beautiful babies.

“Please just let me see them,” he begs, and Derek closes his eyes and puts his hand over them. “Please. Please. I just want to see them one more time. After all I went through…”

“They don’t think it’s a good idea,” he repeats, for only the millionth time. As the words come out, they sound robotic, repetitive. He’s said it so many times. “They think you can’t handle it. They want to sever connections as soon as possible. They want you to be mentally healthy after this. The more you interact with them, the higher chance there is for PPD.”

Stiles glowers at him. “How easy this is for you,” he attacks, and Derek just shakes his head. “You didn’t even touch them, what do you care? I fucking carried them in me for nine months, and they held my hand and cried and reached for me and they love me, and I love them, how easy this is for you! I *fucking* hate you alphas, I hate alphas.”

Silence. Derek says nothing. He stares at the wall, as if he’s just waiting for this storm to pass. Just waiting it out. Waiting for it to be done, the babies to be gone and never coming back again, the acceptance process to begin. Stiles hates him. Oh, he hates him. How can he be like this? How can he do this?

It’s what they agreed to. It’s what they all agreed to. Stiles covers his face with his hands and weeps into them, for only the thousandth time since he woke up two hours ago and the memories all came back to him. They cut him open and they took the babies out because for whatever reason he couldn’t deliver them vaginally, and they stapled him back together and it’s been days. He’s healed.

He hasn’t seen his babies in twenty-four hours. “Please,” he begs through his hands. “Please. Just one more time. I’m begging you. They’re my babies, Derek. Please.”

“Stiles, this is so awful…” he shakes his head. This is the first time Stiles has ever seen Derek look so…small. Helpless.

“Just let me say goodbye. It’s cruel to not let me say goodbye, this is

inhumane. Please."

Derek leans forward. He hangs his head down in between his knees, shaking it back and forth. He looks like he's struggling, fighting with something inside his own head. Then, he runs his hands up and down his face and stands. There are dark, dark circles under his eyes, and as he walks, his gait is different than normal. He's fucking worn down to the bone, and so is Stiles.

He didn't know it would be like this. How he laughed when Jacob diapered those pillows. It's not funny anymore.

"Okay," he says, moving towards the door. "Just…let me see what I can do."

As Stiles' alpha, which the hospital only considers to be the case because he fathered the children Stiles just had torn out of his body, he barters with the nurses as a general rule. If Stiles wants something, it's Derek's job to go out there and wheedle it out of the staff to the best of his ability. So there he goes, pulling the door open while Stiles cries into his hands, stepping out into the hall and grabbing the attention of the first nurse he sees.

The door closes behind him, heavy with a bang, but Stiles can still see Derek talking through the little window. Stiles watches, rapt, eyes big. He can see the back of Derek's head, the nurse's face as she seems unsure.

Derek holds a single finger out. *Just once*, he's probably saying. *Just one more time*.

The nurse hems and haws some more, seeming uncomfortable. She's probably not even supposed to let them. But even these people who see terrible things every day have to know something about compassion. For god's sake, doesn't anyone? How they tore Benjamin out of his arms last night was one of the cruelest things he's ever lived through. He was hopped up on so many drugs it's amazing he even remembers it.

But he doesn't think he'll ever forget it. Not as long as he lives.

Derek presses his hands together like he's begging, shaking his head and gesturing towards the door where Stiles is hiding behind. The nurse scrubs at her forehead. Then, minutely, a head nod. A yes. She holds her own finger out – *just once*. Or maybe *just one minute*.

When Derek comes back in, he forces a smile onto his face. He confirms Stiles' guess when he says, "you've got one minute. I'll walk you down there."

"Oh, my God," Stiles says, sniffling. Carefully, he hefts himself down from the bed. As he does so, Derek reaches out and helps steady him. His legs are weak. His entire body is weak. He just had twins and went through surgery and his legs are shaky. It takes him a minute to get his walk down, ambling along in his hospital slippers while Derek has to physically help him move, but by the time they're moving down the hallway, Stiles is mostly okay.

He speaks, raspy and low. "You should go home and sleep after this."

Derek keeps his hands on Stiles, even when Stiles doesn't need his help anymore. "They're keeping you another day. I'll stay."

"You really don't have to –"

"I will stay," he repeats. Alpha voice. Few and far between does Derek use that tone – and when he does, Stiles knows he means it. So he keeps his mouth shut and leans into Derek's touch. Big, strong. Stiles remembers thinking that he hates Derek last night, that he's a monster, holding Stiles down and being complacent in the atrocities that happened; but he's just… he's just Derek. And he.

Well. There's not really enough room in Stiles' head for him to consider what Derek is to him, now. There's so much going on.

"Sleep in my bed with me tonight, then. Not curled up on a chair like a monkey."

“Monkeys curl up on chairs to sleep?”

“A cat, then. They definitely do.”

“Oh, definitely,” he sounds so fucking tired. Stiles feels awful for him, even worse than he feels for himself.

“You should at least go home and smoke a bowl, or something. Nap? Just a couple of hours. I’ll be okay. Dad is here.”

Derek makes a face. But a bowl is probably really, really enticing to him right about now. After this shitshow, he probably wants to smoke more than he ever has in his entire life. It’ll calm him down and he’ll be better to deal with, instead of this wound up alpha who seems very close to snapping his teeth at the first person who looks at him wrong. “Okay,” he acquiesces, patting Stiles on the shoulder. “I’ll take a brief sabbatical and get high.”

“It’s for the best,” Stiles nods, sagely. Derek forces a laugh. Nothing’s very funny, right now.

They come to what Stiles can only describe as the baby room. Through the window, Stiles can see maybe a dozen or so of those little plexi-cribs. A dozen or so little babies. When they actually set foot inside, Stiles can pinpoint his children before he even blinks.

He beelines it for them, with Derek in close tow, and leans over them. Oh, there they are. They look just like Stiles remembers. In their little hats and tiny socks and little hospital given onesies. Over their heads there are name cards that are filled out with foreign names Stiles doesn’t know, pretends he doesn’t read – Brian Peterson, Braeden Peterson. Stiles doesn’t know who they are.

He ignores it. Focuses on their faces. They stir at their parents’ presence, little fists banging and eyes blinking open.

Oh. Stiles’ breath catches in his throat. They’ve got Derek’s eyes. The both of them. Hazel, hazel, hazel eyes. Identical to Derek’s almost to the details.

Stiles bites his lip and forces himself to not cry. This is his last moment with his babies, for the rest of his life, and he won't spend it blubbering.

"Benjamin," he says, voice small. He picks him up, cradles him against his chest. Derek stands there and looks like a shadow. He won't speak or move. "Hi. It's mommy."

He's going to grow up calling someone else mommy. Stiles blinks. No crying. No crying. No crying.

"What're you gonna be, huh? I don't know," he leans down, kisses him on the forehead. "But you're gonna have such a big house and a big yard. All the toys in the world. The best education. So much money. Yes. You can be anything." He kisses him, again. Puts him down and tries his best to not linger his touch too much.

As soon as he's down, he reaches for Derek. One little hand. A cry. Derek stands still as a statue.

"My Jasper," he says, picks him up. Holds him, tight against his body. "Oh, my baby. I named you first. I knew you first. Maybe you came out second, but you were first in my heart, I know. Mommy loves you so much." No crying, he commands, again. It's not sad. It's not sad, at all.

He puts Jasper down. Both of them reach and cry gently for Derek, for their father, and Derek won't touch them. That's for the best. That is for the best. But it breaks Stiles' heart and he's so angry with himself he almost can't say anything else. But this is his last minute with his babies, and he can't waste it.

"Okay," he says, stroking Jasper on the forehead, and then Benjamin. "I love you. I love you. Goodbye, okay? Have a…have the best life. I only did this to give you the best life I could. We couldn't do that for you. I love you so much that I gave you up, because it was the right thing for you. One day you'll understand. Okay," his voice cracks, and he shakes his head. No crying. "Goodbye. Bye."

They stand there for a moment. Stiles can't walk away. When he turns to look at Derek, he sees something that he has never seen before, not a day in his life. Not since they met.

Derek is crying. He is looking away, wiping a tear away from his cheek, his lips set down in a firm line. Earlier, when Stiles had yelled at Derek and said how *easy* it was for him, that all he has to do is not touch his babies and he'll never know how much it hurts to be ripped apart from them like this – Stiles had been wrong. It was wrong of him to say that.

This isn't easy. At least Stiles gets to touch them. Derek can only look. They cry and reach for him and he has to ignore them, and it's cruel, and Derek might be a bit stoic – but he has emotional depth. This is hard for him. This is as bad for him as it is for Stiles.

Jasper cries and shakes his fist. He wants to be picked up again.

"Let's go," Stiles whispers, taking Derek by the hand. Their fingers intertwine and Derek sniffles – Stiles doesn't think they've ever held hands before. Never before. Stiles turns away from the babies for the last, last time. As the two of them are walking out of the room, the twins cry and rattle their crib because they don't understand.

One day they will. It's the only thing that could possibly keep Stiles sane, in the coming days. One day they will understand. They're going to grow up with the instinctual knowledge that the people raising them are not their real parents, because alphas just…*know* things like that. They will grow up wondering why their real parents gave them up, and Sarah and Jacob will probably hem and haw and vomit some bullshit response that doesn't come close to the reality.

If they ever wanted to look, Stiles is sure it would be easy for them to track their mother down. It would be easy for an alpha to find him. Derek, too.

Stiles hopes they do look. Someday.

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